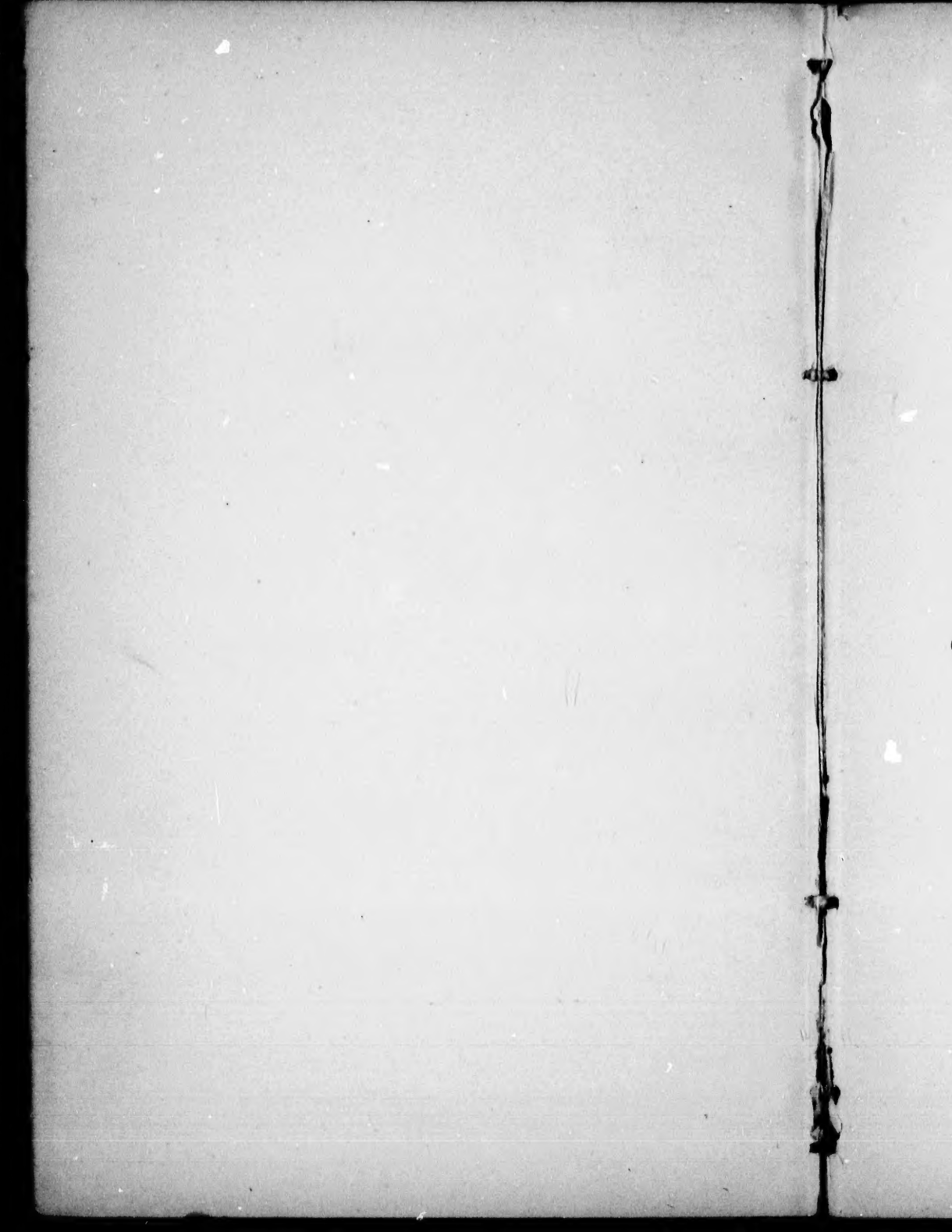




# HYMNAL

COMPILED FOR THE USE OF THE CONGREGATION

OF THE

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH,

MONTREAL.

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FOR THE CONGREGATION  
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Our Hymnal includes a number of hymns that are old, and more that are comparatively new. Many will be missed, but the limit imposed will excuse the seeming oversight. It would have been easy to extend the collection, but it has not been easy in all cases to decide whether to pass over or retain. Imperfect as the result must be regarded, it is hoped that as a compilation made in good faith our little Hymnal will justify the attempt to voice the devotions of the congregation in song. While there is no formal Index of Subjects, it will be observed that the hymns generally follow a natural and progressive order. The Index of First Lines and Table of Authors will prove sufficient guides.

## INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

|                                                   | Page. |
|---------------------------------------------------|-------|
| Abide with me! fast falls the eventide.....       | 48    |
| Again as evening's shadow falls.....              | 38    |
| All Father! when man's softened heart.....        | 194   |
| All men are equal in their birth.....             | 164   |
| Almighty God! in humble prayer.....               | 58    |
| Another year! another year.....                   | 126   |
| As darker, darker, fall around.....               | 37    |
| As pants the heart for cooling streams.....       | 41    |
| As the lost who vainly wander.....                | 138   |
| Author of good! to thee I turn .....              | 150   |
| A voice by Jordan's shore.....                    | 97    |
| A wondrous star our pioneer .....                 | 100   |
|                                                   |       |
| Backward looking o'er the past.....               | 128   |
| Behold the western evening light.....             | 220   |
| Behold where, breathing love divine .....         | 149   |
| Beyond, beyond that boundless sea.....            | 50    |
| Blessed be thy name forever.....                  | 45    |
| Blest are the pure in heart .....                 | 200   |
| Blest be thy love, dear Lord.....                 | 183   |
| Breathe on me, Breath of God.....                 | 82    |
| Brother, hast thou wandered far.....              | 137   |
| By cool Siloam's shady rill.....                  | 134   |
|                                                   |       |
| Calm me my God, and keep me calm.....             | 198   |
| Calm on the listening ear of night.....           | 95    |
| City of God, how broad and far.....               | 169   |
| Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove.....         | 79    |
| Come, kingdom of our God .....                    | 170   |
| Come, mighty Spirit, penetrate.....               | 85    |
| Come, thou Almighty King.....                     | 3     |
| Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish ..... | 215   |
| Creator Spirit, by whose light .....              | 90    |
|                                                   |       |
| Day by day the manna fell.....                    | 178   |
| Dear Lord and Father of mankind.....              | 31    |
|                                                   |       |
| Earth's busy sounds and ceaseless din.....        | 14    |
| Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round.....         | 229   |
| Eternal source of light and thought.....          | 27    |

|                                                 |     |
|-------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Fair are the feet that bring the news.....      | 174 |
| Far from mortal cares retreating .....          | 23  |
| Father and Friend, thy light, thy love.....     | 181 |
| Father, beneath thy sheltering wing.....        | 185 |
| Father, give thy benediction .....              | 246 |
| Father hear the prayer we offer.....            | 156 |
| Father in heaven, to thee my heart .....        | 63  |
| Father of our feeble race .....                 | 148 |
| Father of our spirits! hear.....                | 154 |
| Father, thy presence, ever near.....            | 66  |
| Father! Thy wonders do not singly stand.....    | 76  |
| Father, to thee we look in all our sorrow ..... | 214 |
| For all thy saints, O Lord .....                | 227 |
| From all that dwell below the skies.....        | 250 |
| From heart to heart, from creed to creed.....   | 173 |
|                                                 |     |
| Give me a heart of calm repose.....             | 192 |
| God bless our native land .....                 | 243 |
| God is in his holy temple .....                 | 8   |
| God is love! his mercy brightens .....          | 226 |
| God is my strong salvation.....                 | 171 |
| God moves in a mysterious way.....              | 212 |
| God of ages and of nations.....                 | 242 |
| God of eternity! from thee.....                 | 124 |
| God of the earnest heart.....                   | 161 |
| God of the earth, the sky, the sea .....        | 24  |
| God, our kind Master, merciful as just.....     | 180 |
| God, the omnipotent! mighty avenger.....        | 241 |
| Go forth to life, O child of earth .....        | 133 |
| Gone is the hollow, murky night.....            | 167 |
| Great God, on whose sustaining power.....       | 72  |
| Great God! we sing that mighty hand.....        | 121 |
| Great Ruler of all nature's frame.....          | 15  |
|                                                 |     |
| Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes .....    | 94  |
| Hast thou, 'midst life's empty noises .....     | 146 |
| He cometh not a king to reign.....              | 98  |
| He hides within the lily.....                   | 123 |
| He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower.....          | 199 |
| Holy Father, thou hast taught me.....           | 143 |
| Holy, holy, holy Lord.....                      | 4   |
| Holy Spirit, source of gladness.....            | 83  |
| Holy Spirit, Truth divine.....                  | 92  |
| How blest is he whose tranquil mind.....        | 208 |
| How gentle God's commands.....                  | 182 |
| How glad the tone when Summer's sun.....        | 118 |
| How shall come thy kingdom holy.....            | 172 |
| How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound.....      | 102 |
| How various and how new .....                   | 18  |

|                                                       |         |
|-------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| I bless thee, Lord, for sorrows sent.....             | 210     |
| I cannot find Thee, still on restless pinion.....     | 70      |
| I know not if beyond the blue .....                   | 187     |
| I look to thee in every need.....                     | 190     |
| Immortal by their deed and word .....                 | 204     |
| Immortal Love, forever full .....                     | 20      |
| In childhood ever lies enshrined .....                | 176     |
| In each breeze that wanders free.....                 | 114     |
| Infinite God, Thou great unrivalled One .....         | 10      |
| In heavenly love abiding.....                         | 191     |
| In quiet hours the tranquil soul .....                | 184     |
| In the cross of Christ I glory .....                  | 109     |
| In thee my powers, my treasures live.....             | 152     |
| I saw on earth another light.....                     | 223     |
| It is the hour of prayer.....                         | 22      |
| It singeth low in every heart.....                    | 217     |
| <br>Jehovah God! thy gracious power.....              | <br>17  |
| Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom .....   | 51      |
| Life nor death shall us dis sever.....                | 201     |
| Life of Ages, richly poured.....                      | 166     |
| Like travellers that stray ..                         | 86      |
| Lord, in heaven, thy dwelling-place .....             | 240     |
| Lord of all being, throned afar.....                  | 1       |
| Lord of eternal truth and might.....                  | 245     |
| Lord of my life! whose tender care.....               | 69      |
| Lord! subdue our selfish will .....                   | 209     |
| Lord! when I all things would possess .....           | 64      |
| Love divine, all love excelling.....                  | 91      |
| <br>Messiah now is gone before.....                   | <br>111 |
| Morning breaks upon the tomb.....                     | 112     |
| My dear Redeemer, and my Lord .....                   | 103     |
| My Father's house on high .....                       | 221     |
| My God, how endless is thy love.....                  | 35      |
| My God, I thank thee; may no thought.....             | 262     |
| My God, my Father! blissful name .....                | 189     |
| My God, my Father, while I stray.....                 | 213     |
| My soul before thee prostrate lies.....               | 77      |
| Mysterious soul! thou wondrous power.....             | 136     |
| <br>Nearer, my God, to thee.....                      | <br>44  |
| Not only for some task sublime.....                   | 67      |
| Not so fearful, doubting pilgrim .....                | 88      |
| Now, on land and sea descending.....                  | 43      |
| Now with creation's morning song .....                | 32      |
| <br>O brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother..... | <br>195 |

|                                                 |     |
|-------------------------------------------------|-----|
| O deem not that earth's crowning bliss .....    | 216 |
| O'er the dark wave of Galilee.....              | 107 |
| O Fairest-born of Love and Light.....           | 105 |
| O Father! though the anxious fear.....          | 73  |
| O God! accept the sacred hour.....              | 228 |
| O God! I thank thee for each sight.....         | 233 |
| O God, mine eyes and ears unseal.....           | 144 |
| O God, my strength, my hope.....                | 89  |
| O God of Bethel! by whose hand .....            | 52  |
| O God! thy tender love and care.....            | 232 |
| O God, unseen, but ever near.....               | 60  |
| O God! we praise thee and confess .....         | 236 |
| O God whose law is in the sky .....             | 142 |
| O God, whose presence glows in all .....        | 13  |
| O Grant us light, that we may know.....         | 71  |
| O here, if ever, God of Love .....              | 224 |
| O Holy Father! 'mid the calm .....              | 42  |
| Oh, sometimes gleams upon our sight.....        | 163 |
| Oh! Source divine, and Life of all.....         | 16  |
| O Life that makest all things new .....         | 6   |
| O Lord of seasons! unto thee.....               | 119 |
| O Love Divine, that stooped to share.....       | 203 |
| O Love Divine, whose constant beam.....         | 26  |
| O lovely voices of the sky .....                | 93  |
| O Love! O Life! our faith and sight.....        | 104 |
| O Love, with thy sweet chains.....              | 74  |
| O name all other names above.....               | 65  |
| One holy Church of God appears .....            | 68  |
| One thought I have, my ample creed.....         | 179 |
| Onward, onward, though the region .....         | 147 |
| O Saints of old! not yours alone.....           | 155 |
| O, send me not away! for I would drink.....     | 139 |
| O Shadow in a sultry land.....                  | 47  |
| O shall our hearts that Friend forsake .....    | 110 |
| O Star of Truth, down shining.....              | 165 |
| O suffering Friend of human kind.....           | 108 |
| O Thou great Friend to all the sons of men..... | 99  |
| O Thou, in all thy might so far.....            | 19  |
| O Thou, to whom, in ancient time .....          | 5   |
| O Thou, to whose all-searching sight.....       | 54  |
| O Thou who art of all that is.....              | 49  |
| O Thou whose perfect goodness crowns.....       | 237 |
| O Time! ne'er resteth thy swift wing.....       | 122 |
| Our earth has not grown aged.....               | 125 |
| Our father, through the coming year.....        | 129 |
| Our God! our God! Thou shinest here.....        | 160 |
| Our God, our help in ages past.....             | 127 |
| Out of the dark the circling sphere.....        | 39  |
| Part in peace! is day before us.....            | 249 |

|                                                       |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Peace be to this congregation.....                    | 248 |
| Peace, peace on earth! the heart of man forever ..... | 175 |
| Praise the Lord! ye heavens adore him .....           | 231 |
| Praise to thee, thou great Creator.....               | 230 |
| Prayer is the soul's sincere desire .....             | 59  |

|                                       |     |
|---------------------------------------|-----|
| "Remember me," the Saviour said ..... | 225 |
|---------------------------------------|-----|

|                                             |     |
|---------------------------------------------|-----|
| Say not the law divine.....                 | 157 |
| See Israel's gentle shepherd stand.....     | 130 |
| Send down thy truth, O God.....             | 162 |
| Sing forth his high, eternal name.....      | 235 |
| Sing to the Lord a new, glad song.....      | 238 |
| Slowly by thy hand unfurled.....            | 40  |
| Sometimes a light surprises .....           | 205 |
| Sons of men! behold from far.....           | 96  |
| Sow in the morn thy seed .....              | 177 |
| Speak with us, Lord! thyself reveal .....   | 57  |
| Spirit divine, attend our prayer.....       | 81  |
| Spirit of grace, and health, and power..... | 84  |
| Spirit of Truth! who makest bright .....    | 87  |
| Still with thee, O my God.....              | 196 |
| Sweetest joy the soul can know.....         | 55  |
| Sweet is the prayer, whose holy stream..... | 62  |

|                                                    |     |
|----------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Teach me, my God and King.....                     | 153 |
| The bird let loose in eastern skies .....          | 7   |
| The dead are like the stars by day .....           | 218 |
| The heaven of heavens cannot contain.....          | 239 |
| The Lord is in his Holy Place.....                 | 116 |
| The loving friend to all who bowed.....            | 101 |
| The mourners came at break of day.....             | 113 |
| The Past is dark with sin and shame.....           | 159 |
| There is a book, who runs may read.....            | 115 |
| There is a state unknown, unseen .....             | 219 |
| There is a world eye hath not seen.....            | 222 |
| There's not a bird with lonely nest.....           | 211 |
| They who seek the throne of grace.....             | 12  |
| Thirsting for a living spring.....                 | 75  |
| Thou art my morning, God of light.....             | 33  |
| Thou Grace Divine, encircling all.....             | 193 |
| Thou hidden love of God, whose height.....         | 78  |
| Thou hidden Source of calm repose .....            | 68  |
| Thou life within my life, than self more near..... | 34  |
| Thou long disowned, reviled, oppressed.....        | 80  |
| Thou, whose almighty word.....                     | 2   |
| Thou whose spirit dwells in all.....               | 25  |
| Through all the various shifting scene.....        | 186 |
| 'Thy name, almighty Lord .....                     | 247 |

|    |                                                   |     |
|----|---------------------------------------------------|-----|
| 48 | Thy name be hallowed evermore.....                | 244 |
| 75 | Thy seamless robe conceals thee not.....          | 21  |
| 31 | Thy way is on the deep, O Lord .....              | 208 |
| 30 | Thy way, not mine, O Lord.....                    | 197 |
| 59 | 'Tis gone, that bright and orbed blaze.....       | 46  |
| 25 | 'Tis Winter now ; the fallen snow .....           | 120 |
| 57 | To-day, beneath thy chastening eye.....           | 38  |
| 30 | To thee, O God in heaven.....                     | 131 |
| 62 | To thine eternal arms, O God.....                 | 140 |
| 35 | Unheard the dews around me fall .....             | 56  |
| 38 | We ask not, Father, the repose.....               | 207 |
| 40 | We bless thee for this sacred day.....            | 30  |
| 05 | We come in childhood's innocence.....             | 132 |
| 06 | We come to thee, when morning o'er the hills..... | 28  |
| 77 | We follow, Lord, where thou dost lead.....        | 158 |
| 57 | We hear the heavenly voice .....                  | 135 |
| 31 | We pray no more, made lowly wise.....             | 151 |
| 34 | What has drawn us thus apart .....                | 23  |
| 37 | When all thy mercies, O my God.....               | 234 |
| 06 | When arise the thoughts of sin.....               | 141 |
| 55 | Whene'er along the shore we wind .....            | 145 |
| 32 | When Israel, of the Lord beloved.....             | 61  |
| 3  | When I survey life's varied scene.....            | 188 |
| 7  | When my love to Christ grows weak.....            | 106 |
| 8  | When warmer suns and bluer skies.....             | 117 |
| 9  | Wherever through the ages rise.....               | 11  |
| 6  | While thee I seek, Protecting Power. ....         | 53  |
| 1  | With sacred joy we lift our eyes.....             | 9   |

Lift up your hearts,  
We lift them up unto the  
Lord.

L. M.

*The Lord of Life.*

Lord of all being, throned afar,  
Thy glory flames from sun and star;  
Centre and soul of every sphere,  
Yet to each loving heart how near !

Sun of our life, thy quickening ray  
Sheds on our path the glow of day ;  
Star of our hope, thy softened light  
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn ;  
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn ;  
Our rainbow-arch thy mercy's sign ;  
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

Lord of all life, below, above,  
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,  
Before thy ever-blazing throne  
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,  
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,  
Till all thy living altars claim  
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

6 & 4s M.

*Let there be Light.*

Thou, whose almighty word  
Chaos and darkness heard,  
And took their flight !  
Hear us, we humbly pray,  
And, where the gospel day  
Sheds not its glorious ray,  
Let there be light !

Thou, who didst come to bring,  
On thy redeeming wing,  
Healing and sight !  
Health to the sick in mind,  
Light to the inly blind,  
Oh, now to all mankind  
Let there be light !

Descend thou from above,  
Spirit of truth and love,—  
Speed on thy flight !  
Move o'er the waters' face,  
Spirit of hope and grace,  
And in earth's darkest place  
Let there be light !

John Marriott.

6 & 4s M.

*Invocation.*

Come, thou Almighty King !  
 Help us thy name to sing ;  
     Help us to praise !  
 Father all-glorious,  
 O'er all victorious,  
 Come and reign over us,  
     Ancient of Days !

Come, thou all-gracious Lord  
 By heaven and earth adored,  
     Our prayer attend !  
 Come, and thy children bless ;  
 Give thy good word success ;  
 Make thine own holiness  
     On us descend !

Never from us depart ;  
 Rule thou in every heart,  
     Hence, evermore.  
 Thy sovereign majesty  
 May we in glory see,  
 And to eternity  
     Love and adore.

Charles Wesley.

7s M.

*Divine goodness celebrated.*

Holy, holy, holy Lord !  
Be thy glorious name adored ;  
Lord ! thy mercies never fail :  
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !

Though unworthy, Lord ! thine ear,  
Yet our hallelujahs hear ;  
Purer praise we hope to bring,  
When around thy throne we sing.

While on earth ordained to stay,  
Guide our footsteps in thy way ;  
Then on high we'll joyful raise  
Songs of everlasting praise.

There no tongue shall silent be ;  
All shall join in harmony ;  
And through heaven's all-spacious round  
Praise to thee shall ever sound.

Lord ! thy mercies never fail ;  
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !  
Holy, holy, holy Lord !  
Be thy glorious name adored.

Benjamin Williams.

L. M.

*Universal Worship.*

O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,  
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,  
Whom kings adored in song sublime,  
And prophets praised with glowing tongue

Not now on Zion's height alone  
Thy favored worshipper may dwell,  
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son  
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies,  
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,  
The incense of the heart, may rise  
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

To thee shall age, with snowy hair,  
And strength and beauty, bend the knee;  
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,  
Its praises and its prayers to thee.

O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,  
The lyre of prophet bards was strung !  
To thee, at last, in every clime,  
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

John Pierpont.

6

L. M.

*Greeting.*

O Life that makest all things new,—  
The blooming earth, the thoughts of men !  
Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,  
In gladness hither turn again :  
From hand to hand the greeting flows,  
From eye to eye the signals run,  
From heart to heart the bright hope glows,  
The lovers of the Light are one.

One in the freedom of the Truth,  
One in the joy of paths untrod,  
One in the soul's perennial youth,  
One in the larger thought of God ;  
The freer step, the fuller breath,  
The wide horizon's grander view,  
The sense of life that knows no death, —  
The Life that maketh all things new !

Samuel Longfellow.

C. M.

*Aspiration.*

The bird let loose in eastern skies,  
 When hastening fondly home,  
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies  
 Where idle warblers roam ;  
 But high she shoots thro' air and light,  
 Above all low delay,  
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,  
 Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care  
 And stain of passion free,  
 Aloft, thro' virtue's purer air,  
 To hold my course to thee !  
 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay  
 My soul, as home she springs ;—  
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,  
 Thy freedom in her wings !

Thomas Moore

8 &amp; 7s M.

*The Lord is in his Holy Temple.*

God is in his holy temple,  
Earthly thoughts be silent now,  
While with reverence we assemble,  
And before his presence bow.

He is with us now and ever,  
When we call upon his name,  
Aiding every good endeavor,  
Guiding every upward aim.

God is in his holy temple,  
In the pure and holy mind,  
In the reverent heart and simple,  
In the soul from sense refined.

Then, let every low emotion  
Banished far and silent be,  
And our souls in pure devotion,  
Lord, be temples worthy thee!

Anonymous.

C. M.

*Homage and Devotion.*

With sacred joy we lift our eyes  
To those bright realms above,  
That glorious temple in the skies,  
Where dwells eternal love.

Before the awful throne we bow  
Of heaven's almighty King;  
Here we present the solemn vow,  
And hymns of praise we sing.

O Lord! while in thy house we kneel  
With trust and holy fear,  
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,  
And lend a gracious ear.

With fervor teach our hearts to pray,  
And tune our lips to sing;  
Nor from thy presence cast away  
The sacrifice we bring.

Thomas Jervis.

# 10

10s M.

*God all in all.*

Infinite God, Thou great unrivalled One !  
Whose glory makes a blot of yonder sun ;  
'ompared with thine, how dim his beauty seems,  
How quenched the radiance of his golden beams !

Thou art our bliss, the light by which we move ;  
In thee alone dwells all that we can love :  
All darkness flies, when thou art pleased to appear ;  
A sudden spring renews the fading year.

Where'er we turn, we see thy power and grace,  
The watchful guardians of our heedless race ;  
Thou art our firm support, our rock, our tower,  
We dwell secure beneath thy sheltering power.

Thy various creatures in one strain agree ;  
All, in all times and places, speak of thee :  
We, too, with trembling heart, and faltering tongue,  
Attempt thy praise, and join the general song.

Mme. Guion.

Tr. by William Cowper.

L. M.

*Fellowship and Sacrifice.*

Wherever through the ages rise  
The altars of self-sacrifice,  
Where love its arms hath opened wide,  
Or man for man hath calmly died,

We see the same white wings outspread,  
That hovered o'er the Master's head;  
And in all lands beneath the sun  
The heart affirmeth, "Love is one."

Up from undated time they come,  
The martyr-souls of heathendom,  
And to his cross and passion bring  
Their fellowship of suffering.

And the great marvel of their death  
To the one order witnesseth,—  
Each, in a measure, but a part  
Of thine unmeasured loving heart.

John G. Whittier.

7s M.

*Divine Presence.*

They who seek the throne of grace  
Find that throne in every place ;  
If we live a life of prayer,  
God is present every where.

In our sickness or our health,  
In our want or in our wealth,  
If we look to God in prayer,  
God is present every where.

When our earthly comforts fail,  
When the foes of life prevail,  
'Tis the time for earnest prayer ;  
God is present every where.

Then, my soul, in every strait  
To thy Father come, and wait ;  
He will answer every prayer ;  
God is present everywhere.

Oliver Holden.

L. M.

*God with us.*

O God, whose presence glows in all  
Within, around us, and above !  
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,  
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

That truth be with the heart believed  
Of all who seek this sacred place ;  
With power proclaimed in peace received,  
Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.

That love its holy influence pour,  
To keep us meek, and make us free,  
And throw its binding influence more  
Round each with all, and all with thee.

Send down its angel to our side ;  
Send in its calm upon the breast ;  
For we would know no other guide,  
And we can need no other rest.

Nathanael L. Frothingham.

C. M.

*The day of prayer and rest.*

Earth's busy sounds and ceaseless din  
Wake not this morning air!  
A holy calm should welcome in  
This solemn hour of prayer.

Now peace, be still, unhallowed care,  
And hushed within the breast!  
A holy joy shall welcome there  
This happy day of rest.

Each better thought the spirit knows,  
This hour, the spirit fill!  
And Thou, from whom its being flows,  
O, teach it all thy will!

Then shall the day indeed be blest,  
And send its hallowing power,  
Its sacred calm and inward rest,  
Through many a busy hour.

Anonymous.

C. M.

*God's mercy tempers affliction.*

Great Ruler of all nature's frame !  
We own thy power divine :  
We hear thy breath in every storm,  
For all the winds are thine.

Wide as they sweep their sounding way  
They work thy sovereign will ;  
And, awed by thy majestic voice,  
Confusion shall be still.

Thy mercy tempers every blast  
To them that seek thy face ;  
And mingles with the tempest's roar  
The whispers of thy grace.

Those gentle whispers let me hear,  
Till all the tumult cease ;  
And gales of paradise shall lull  
My weary soul to peace.

Philip Doddridge.

L. M.

*Reverence and Joy.*

Oh ! Source divine, and Life of all,  
The Fount of Being's fearful sea,  
Thy depth would every heart appal,  
That saw not love supreme in thee.

We shrink before thy vast abyss,  
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood !  
We know thee truly but in this,  
That thou bestowest all our good.

And so, 'mid boundless time and space,  
Oh ! grant us still in thee to dwell ;  
And through thy ceaseless web to trace  
Thy presence working all things well.

Nor let thou life's delightful play  
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide ;  
Nor strength and gladness lead astray  
From thee, our nature's only guide.

Bestow on every joyous thrill  
Thy deeper tone of reverent awe ;  
Make pure thy creature's erring will,  
And teach his heart to love thy law.

John Sterling.

C. M.

*God's energy all-pervading.*

Jehovah God ! thy gracious power  
On every hand we see ;  
O may the blessings of each hour  
Lead all our thoughts to thee !

If on the wings of morn we speed  
To earth's remotest bound,  
Thy right hand will our footsteps lead,  
Thine arm our path surround.

Thy power is in the ocean deeps,  
And reaches to the skies ;  
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,  
Thy goodness never dies.

From morn till noon, till latest eve,  
The hand of God we see ;  
And all the blessings we receive  
Ceaseless proceed from thee.

In all the varying scenes of time,  
On thee our hopes depend ;  
In every age, in every clime,  
Our Father and our Friend.

John Thompson.

S. M.

*The constant goodness of God.*

How various and how new  
 Are thy compassions, Lord !  
 Each morning shall thy mercy show  
 Each night thy love record.

Thy goodness, like the sun,  
 Dawned on our early days,  
 Ere infant reason had begun  
 To form our lips to praise.

Each object we beheld  
 Gave pleasure to our eyes ;  
 And nature all our senses held  
 In bands of sweet surprise.

But pleasures more refined  
 Await that blessed day,  
 When light arises in the mind,  
 To chase our sins away.

How various and how new  
 Are thy compassions, Lord !  
 Eternity thy love shall show,  
 And all thy truth record.

Samuel Stennett.

C. M.

*So far, so near.*

O Thou, in all thy might so far,  
In all thy love so near,  
Beyond the range of sun and star,  
And yet beside us here :

What heart can comprehend thy name,  
Or, searching, find thee out ?  
Who art within, a quickening flame,  
A presence round about !

Yet though I know thee but in part,  
I ask not, Lord, for more ;  
Enough for me to know thou art,  
To love thee and adore !

O sweeter than all else besides,  
The tender mystery  
That like a veil of shadow hides  
The Light I may not see !

And dearer than all things I know  
Is child-like faith to me,  
That makes the darkest way I go  
An open path to thee.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

C. M.

*God is Love.*

Immortal Love, forever full,  
Forever flowing free,  
Forever shared, forever whole,  
A never-ebbing sea !

Our outward lips confess the name  
All other names above ;  
But love alone knows whence it came,  
And comprehendeth love.

Blow, winds of God, awake and blow  
The mists of earth away !  
Shine out, O Light divine, and show  
How wide and far we stray !

The letter fails, the systems fall,  
And every symbol wanes ;  
The Spirit over-brooding all,  
Eternal Love, remains.

John G. Whittier.

## 21

C. M.

*The Garment thou seest Him by.*

Thy seamless robe conceals thee not,  
From earnest hearts and true :  
The glory of thy perfectness  
Shines all its texture through.

And on its flowing hem we read,  
As thou dost linger near,  
The message of a love more deep  
Than any depth of fear.

And so no more our hearts shall plead  
For miracle and sign ;  
Thy order and thy faithfulness  
Are all in all divine.

These are thy revelations vast  
From earliest days of yore ;  
These are our confidence and peace :  
We cannot wish for more.

John W. Chadwick.

S. M.

*The Hour of Prayer.*

It is the hour of prayer,  
Draw near and bend the knee,  
And fill the calm and holy air  
With voice of melody !  
O'erwearied with the heat  
And burden of the day,  
Now let us rest our wandering feet,  
And gather here to pray.

The dark and deadly blight  
That walks at noontide hour,  
The midnight arrow's secret flight,  
O'er us have had no power ;  
But smiles from loving eyes  
Have been around our way,  
And lips on which a blessing lies  
Have bidden us to pray.

O, blessed is the hour  
That lifts our hearts on high ;  
Like sunlight when the tempests lower,  
Prayer to the soul is nigh ;  
Though dark may be our lot,  
Our eyes be dim with care,  
These saddening thoughts shall trouble not  
This holy hour of prayer.

Anonymous.

8 &amp; 7s M.

*Acceptable Worship.*

Far from mortal cares retreating,  
 Sordid hopes, and fond desires,  
 Here our willing footsteps meeting,  
 Every heart to heaven aspires.  
 From the fount of glory beaming,  
 Light celestial cheers our eyes ;  
 Mercy from above proclaiming,  
 Peace and pardon from the skies.

Who may share this great salvation ?  
 Every pure and humble mind,  
 Every kindred, tongue, and nation,  
 From the dross of guilt refined ;  
 Blessings all around bestowing,  
 God withholds his care from none ;  
 Grace and mercy ever flowing  
 From the fountain of his throne.

Every stain of guilt abhorring,  
 Firm and bold in virtue's cause,  
 Still thy providence adoring,  
 Faithful subjects to thy laws,  
 Lord, with favour still attend us ;  
 Bless us with thy wondrous love ;  
 Thou, our sun and shield, defend us :  
 All our hope is from above.

John Taylor.

L. M.

*"God, through all and in you all."*

God of the earth, the sky, the sea!  
Maker of all above, below!  
Creation lives and moves in thee,  
Thy present life through all doth flow.

Thee in the lonely woods we meet,  
On the bare hills or cultured plains,  
In every flower beneath our feet,  
And even the still rock's mossy stains.

Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,  
Thy life is in the quickening air;  
When lightnings flash and storm-winds blow,  
There is thy power; thy law is there.

We feel thy calm at evening's hour,  
Thy grandeur in the march of night;  
And, when the morning breaks in power,  
We hear thy word, Let there be light!

But higher far, and far more clear,  
Thee in man's spirit we behold;  
Thine image and thyself are there,—  
The Indwelling God, proclaimed of old.

Anonymous.

7s M.

*The Indwelling God.*

Thou whose spirit dwells in all,  
 Primal source of life and mind ;  
 In the clod as in the soul,  
 Ever full and unconfined !

What shall separate from thee ?  
 Nought of all created things :  
 Joy and sorrow, good and ill,  
 Each from thee its essence brings.

Thine the atom's faintest thrill ;  
 Thine the humblest creature's breath ;  
 Prophet-soul in every kind,  
 Yearning still through life and death ;

Yearning for the crowning race,  
 Man, in whom at last is told  
 Every secret strange and sweet,  
 From the farthest days of old.

Secrets, too, of things to be  
 In the cycles on before ;  
 Love which stronger is than death,  
 Life with thee, for evermore.

John W. Chadwick.

L. M.

*Love Divine.*

O Love Divine, whose constant beam  
Shines on the eyes that will not see,  
And waits to bless us while we dream  
Thou leav'st us when we turn from thee

All souls that struggle and aspire,  
All hearts of prayer, by thee are lit ;  
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire  
On dusky tribes and centuries sit.

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou know'st :  
Wide as our need thy favors fall ;  
The white wings of the Holy Ghost  
Stoop, unseen, o'er the heads of all.

John G. Whittier.

L. M.

*Subjection to the Father of Spirits.*

Eternal source of light and thought !  
 Be all beneath thyself forgot,  
 Whilst thee, great parent-mind, we own,  
 In prostrate homage round thy throne.

Whilst in themselves our souls survey  
 Of thee some faint reflected ray,  
 They wondering to their Father rise :  
 His power how vast ! his thoughts how wise !

O may we live before thy face,  
 The willing subjects of thy grace ;  
 And through each path of duty move,  
 With filial awe, and filial love.

Philip Doddridge.

10s. M.

*"I come to Thee."*

We come to thee, when morning o'er the hills,  
 In golden glory wakes the world to life;  
 That thy good Spirit, which all nature fills,  
 May guide us through our daily toil and strife.

We come to thee at noon-tide's busy hour,  
 Our wills against temptation's wiles to arm;  
 To know our weakness girdled by thy power;  
 Thy watchfulness our guard against alarm.

We come to thee, when, in the placid sky,  
 The peaceful stars in silent beauty shine;  
 Into our being melting tenderly,  
 The blissful consciousness that we are thine.

We come to thee, when heavy-curtained night  
 Around the world its restful influence spreads:  
 And through the darkness shines thy tender light:  
 Thy love the pillow for our weary heads.

We come to thee, in every hour of pain;  
 Thou art our pain, and thou our pain dost heal.  
 We come to thee when joy returns again;  
 Thou art our joy:—it is thyself we feel.

We come to thee.—Life of our lives art thou!  
 We wait thy word, and we obey thy call.—  
 We see thy face beneath Death's sable brow,  
 And come to thee, our God, our All-in-all!

Walter N. Evans.

7s M.

*For any Sunday.*

What has drawn us thus apart,  
 From the common daily round,  
 Bringing here a lowly heart,  
 Standing as on holy ground ?

Not the scorn of humble things—  
 Simplest tasks that love can find—  
 Not the pride of thought that brings  
 Laggard will and restless mind.

Nay, but here upon the height,  
 Rapt from idle cares away,  
 Fain our souls would see a light,  
 Herald of the coming day.

Morning visions high and pure,  
 Glorious things that are to be,  
 Faith and hope that shall endure,  
 Love's abiding unity ;

All the things that make for peace  
 In the daily toil and strife ;  
 All that can our part increase  
 In the world's diviner life.

Short the time we linger here ;  
 Then, with earnest heart and hand,  
 Back to work with holy fear ;  
 Every vision God's command.

John W. Chadwick.

L. M.

*Sabbath Day.*

We bless thee for this sacred day,  
Thou who hast every blessing given,  
Which sends the dreams of earth away,  
And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.

Rich day of holy, thoughtful rest,  
May we improve thy calm repose ;  
And, in God's service truly blest,  
Forget the world, its joys and woes.

Lord, may thy truth upon the heart  
Here fall and dwell as heavenly dew,  
And flowers of grace and freshness start,  
Where once the weeds of error grew.

May prayer now lift her sacred wings,  
Contented with that aim alone  
Which bears her to the King of kings,  
And rests her at his sheltering throne.

And ever, on this sacred day,  
May we remember him who taught,  
Though heaven and earth should pass away,  
The Sabbath's holiest, highest thought.

Caroline Gilman.

C. M. Five lines.

*Sabbath Rest.*

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,  
 Forgive our feverish ways !  
 Reclothe us in our rightful mind,  
 In purer lives thy service find,  
 In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard  
 Beside the Syrian sea  
 The gracious calling of the Lord,  
 Let us, like them, without a word,  
 Rise up and follow thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee !  
 O calm of hills above !  
 Where Jesus knelt to share with thee  
 The silence of eternity  
 Interpreted by love !

With that deep hush subduing all  
 Our words and works that drown  
 The tender whisper of thy call,  
 As noiseless let thy blessing fall  
 As fell thy manna down.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,  
 Till all our strivings cease ;  
 Take from our souls the strain and stress,  
 And let our ordered lives confess  
 The beauty of thy peace.

John G. Whittier.

L. M.

*Children of the Day.*

Now with creation's morning song  
 Let us, as children of the day,  
 With wakened heart and purpose strong,  
 The works of darkness cast away.

Oh, may the morn so pure, so clear,  
 Its own sweet calm in us instil !  
 A guileless mind, a heart sincere,  
 Simplicity of word and will.

And ever, as the day glides by,  
 May we the busy senses rein ;  
 Keep guard upon the hand and eye,  
 Nor let the conscience suffer stain.

Grant us, O God, in love to thee,  
 Clear eyes to measure things below ;  
 Faith, the invisible to see ;  
 And wisdom, thee in all to know.

Roman Breviary.

Tr. by Edward Caswall.

8 &amp; 7s M.

*The Day.*

Thou art my morning, God of light !  
 Thy dayspring wakes my soul ;  
 Thy radiant smile subdues the night,  
 And shall the day control.

And thou my noon, O Father ! art ;  
 Thy central warmth I own :  
 The glowing fulness of my heart  
 Pulses from thee alone.

And thou my evening ! let me rest,  
 When life declines, in thee ;  
 As sinks the sun into the west,  
 Thou wilt my guardian be.

A brighter morning round thy throne  
 Shall dawn with light more fair ;  
 Father ! I trust in thee alone :  
 Thou wilt awake me there.

Samuel D. Robbins.

10s M.

*Whom but Thee.*

Thou Life within my life, than self more near,  
Thou veiled Presence infinitely clear,  
From all my nameless weariness I flee  
To find my centre and my rest in thee.

Take part with me against these doubts that rise,  
And seek to throne thee far in distant skies !  
Take part with me against this self, that dares  
Assume the burden of these sins and cares !

How can I call thee who art always here ;  
How shall I praise thee, thou of all most dear ;  
What may I give thee, save what thou hast given ;  
And whom but thee have I in earth or heaven ?

Eliza Scudder.

L. M.

*The daily mercies of God.*

My God, how endless is thy love  
 Thy gifts are every evening new,  
 And morning mercies from above  
 Gently distil, like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
 Great guardian of my sleeping hours!  
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my powers to thy command;  
 To thee I consecrate my days;  
 Perpetual blessings from thy hand  
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Isaac Watts.

8 &amp; 6s M.

*For rest.*

To-day, beneath thy chastening eye,  
I crave alone for peace and rest,  
Submissive in thy hand to lie,  
And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the Universe,  
A miracle our life and death ;  
A mystery which I cannot pierce,  
Around, above, beneath.

In vain I task my aching brain,  
In vain the sage's thought I scan ;  
I only feel how weak and vain,  
How poor and blind, is man !

And now my spirit sighs for home,  
And longs for light whereby to see,  
And like a weary child, would come,  
O Father, unto thee !

Though oft, like letters traced on sand,  
My weak resolves have passed away,  
In mercy lend thy helping hand  
Unto my prayer to-day.

John G. Whittier.

C. M.

*Evening Hymn.*

As darker, darker, fall around  
 The shadows of the night,  
 We gather here, with hymn and prayer,  
 To seek the Eternal Light.

Father in heaven, to thee are known  
 Our many hopes and fears,  
 Our heavy weight of mortal toil,  
 Our bitterness of tears.

We pray thee for our absent ones,  
 Who have been with us here ;  
 And in our secret heart we name  
 The distant and the dear.

For weary eyes, and aching hearts,  
 And feet that from thee rove,  
 The sick, the poor, the tried, the fallen,  
 We pray thee, God of love.

We bring to thee our hopes and fears,  
 And at thy footstool lay ;  
 And, Father, thou who lovest all  
 Wilt hear us as we pray.

Anonymous.

L. M.

*Vesper Hymn.*

Again, as evening's shadow falls,  
We gather in these hallowed walls ;  
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer  
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts that seek release  
Here find the rest of God's own peace ;  
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer  
Lay down the burden and the care !

O God, our Light ! to thee we bow ;  
Within all shadows standest thou ;  
Give deeper calm than night can bring ;  
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again,  
We cannot at the shrine remain ;  
But in the spirit's secret cell  
May hymn and prayer forever dwell !

Samuel Longfellow.

L. M.

*"Watchman, what of the Night?"*

Out of the dark the circling sphere  
Is rounding onward to the light ;  
We see not yet the full day here,  
But we do see the paling night ;

And Hope, that lights her fadeless fires,  
And Faith, that shines, a heavenly will,  
And Love, that courage re-inspires,—  
These stars have been above us still.

O sentinels ! whose tread we heard  
Through long hours when we could not see,  
Pause now ; exchange with cheer the word,—  
The unchanging watchword, Liberty !

Look backward, how much has been won ;  
Look round, how much is yet to win !  
The watches of the night are done ;  
The watches of the day begin.

Oh Thou, whose mighty patience holds  
The night and day alike in view,  
Thy will our dearest hopes enfolds,  
O keep us steadfast, patient, true !

Samuel Longfellow.

7s M.

*Evening.*

Slowly by thy hand unfurled,  
 Down around the weary world  
 Falls the darkness. Oh, how still  
 Is the working of thy will !

Mighty Maker ! Here am I,  
 Work in me as silently ;  
 Veil the day's distracting sights,  
 Show me heaven's eternal lights.

Living worlds to view be brought,  
 In the boundless realms of thought ;  
 High and infinite desires,  
 Flaming like those upper fires.

Holy Truth, Eternal Right,  
 Let them break upon my sight ;  
 Let them shine, serene and still,  
 And with light my being fill.

Thou, who dwellest there, I know,  
 Dwellest here within me, too ;  
 May the perfect love of God,  
 Here, as there, be shed abroad.

Let my soul attuned be  
 To the heavenly harmony,  
 Which, beyond the power of sound,  
 Fills the Universe around.

William H. Furness.

C. M.

*Longing.*

As pants the hart for cooling streams  
 When heated in the chase,  
 So longs my soul for thee, O God !  
 And thy refreshing grace.

For thee, my God, the living God,  
 My thirsting soul doth pine ;  
 O when shall I behold thy face,  
 Thou Majesty Divine !

O when thy presence, Lord of Life,  
 Has once dispelled this storm,  
 To thee I'll midnight anthems sing  
 And all my vows perform.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?  
 Trust God, who will employ  
 His aid for thee, and change these sighs  
 To thankful hymns of joy.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?  
 Hope still, and thou shalt sing  
 The praise of him who is thy God,  
 Thy health's eternal spring.

Tate and Brady.

L. M.

*A Psalm of Night.*

O Holy Father! mid the calm  
And stillness of this evening hour,  
We too would lift our solemn psalm  
To praise thy goodness and thy power :  
For over us, as over all,  
Thy tender mercies still extend,  
Nor vainly shall the contrite call  
On thee, our Father and our Friend.

Kept by thy goodness through the day,  
Thanksgiving to thy name we pour ;  
Night o'er us with its stars, we pray  
Thy love to guard us evermore !  
In grief console, in gladness bless,  
In darkness guide, in sickness cheer,  
Till, perfected in righteousness,  
Our souls before thy throne appear.

William H. Burleigh.

8 &amp; 7s M.

*Vesper Hymn.*

Now, on land and sea descending,  
 Brings the night its peace profound :  
 Let our vesper hymn be blending  
 With the holy calm around.  
 Soon as dies the sunset glory,  
 Stars of heaven shine out above,  
 Telling still the ancient story,  
 Their Creator's changeless love.

Now, our wants and burdens leaving  
 To his care who cares for all,  
 Cease we fearing, cease we grieving :  
 At his touch our burdens fall.  
 As the darkness deepens o'er us,  
 Lo! eternal stars arise ;  
 Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious,  
 Shining in the spirit's skies.

Samuel Longfellow.

## 6 &amp; 4s M.

*"Nearer my God to Thee."*

Nearer, my God, to thee,  
 Nearer to thee :  
 E'en though it be a cross  
 That raiseth me,  
 Still all my song shall be,  
 || Nearer, my God, to thee, || Nearer to thee.

Though like a wanderer,  
 Daylight all gone,  
 Darkness be over me,  
 My rest a stone,  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be  
 || Nearer, my God, to thee, || Nearer to thee.

There let the way appear  
 Steps unto heaven ;  
 All that thou sendest me  
 In mercy given,  
 Angels to beckon me  
 || Nearer, my God, to thee, || Nearer to thee.

Then with my waking thoughts,  
 Bright with thy praise,  
 Out of my stony griefs,  
 Bethel I'll raise ;  
 So by my woes to be  
 || Nearer, my God, to thee, || Nearer to thee.

Or if on joyful wing,  
 Cleaving the sky,  
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
 Upward I fly,—  
 Still all my song shall be,  
 || Nearer my God, to thee, || Nearer to thee.

## 7s M.

*Adoration.*

Blessed be thy name forever,  
 Thou of life the guard and giver !  
 Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping,  
 Heal the heart long broke with weeping ;  
 All the fury subject keep  
 Of boiling cloud and chafed deep :  
 We have seen thy wondrous might  
 Through the shadows of the night.

God of evening's yellow ray !  
 God of silver-dawning day,  
 That rises from the distant sea  
 Like breathings of eternity !  
 God of stillness and of motion,—  
 Of the rainbow and the ocean,—  
 Of the mountain, rock and river !  
 Blessed be thy name forever !

Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest !  
 Blest are they thou kindly keepest :  
 Thine the flaming sphere of light !  
 Thine the darkness of the night !  
 Thine are all the gems of even,  
 God of angels, God of heaven !  
 God of life that fadeth never !  
 Glory to thy name forever !

James Hogg.

L. M.

*"Abide with us."*

'Tis gone, that bright and orb'd blaze,  
 Fast fading from our wistful gaze ;  
 Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight  
 The last faint pulse of quivering light.

Sun of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear,  
 It is not night if thou be near ;  
 Oh ! may no earth-born cloud arise  
 To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

When round thy wondrous works below  
 My searching, rapturous glance I throw,  
 Tracing out Wisdom, Power, and Love,  
 In earth or sky, in stream or grove ;—

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold  
 And all the flowers of life unfold ;  
 Let not my heart within me burn,  
 Except in all I thee discern.

Abide with me from morn till eve,  
 For without thee I cannot live ;  
 Abide with me when night is nigh,  
 For without thee I dare not die.

Come near and bless us when we wake,  
 Ere through the world our way we take ;  
 Till in the ocean of thy love  
 We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

John Keble.

C. M.

*At even-tide.*

O Shadow in a sultry land !  
 We gather to thy breast,  
 Whose love enfolding like the night,  
 Brings quietude and rest,  
 Glimpse of the fairer life to be,  
 In foretaste here possessed.

From aimless wanderings we come,  
 From drifting to and fro ;  
 The wave of being mingles deep  
 Amid its ebb and flow ;  
 The grander sweep of tides serene  
 Our spirits yearn to know.

That which the garish day had lost  
 The twilight vigil brings,  
 While softer the vesper bell  
 Its silver cadence rings,—  
 The sense of an immortal trust,  
 The brush of angel wings.

Drop down behind the solemn hills,  
 O day, with golden skies !  
 Serene above its fading glow,  
 Night, starry crowned, arise !  
 So beautiful may heaven be,  
 When life's last sunbeam dies !

Caroline M. Packard.

## 10s M.

*Abide with me !*

Abide with me ! fast falls the eventide ;  
 The darkness deepens ; Lord with me abide !  
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
 Help of the helpless, Oh, abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;  
 Earth's joys grow dim ; its glories pass away ;  
 Change and decay in all around I see :  
 O Thou who changest not, abide with me !

I need thy presence every passing hour ;  
 What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?  
 Who like thyself my guide and stay can be ?  
 Through clouds and sunshine, Oh, abide with me !

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless ;  
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
 Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?  
 I triumph still, if thou abide with me !

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes !  
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies !  
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows  
     flee :  
 In life and death, O Lord, abide with me !

Henry F. Lyte.

C. M.

*All in All.*

O Thou who art of all that is  
 Beginning both and end,  
 We follow thee through unknown paths,  
 Since all to thee must tend :  
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep  
 Beyond all fathom-line ;  
 Our wisdom is the child-like heart :  
 Our strength, to trust in thine.

We bless thee for the skies above,  
 And for the earth beneath ;  
 For hopes that blossom here below,  
 And wither not with death ;  
 But most we bless thee for thyself,  
 O heavenly Light within,  
 Whose dayspring in our hearts, dispels  
 The darkness of our sin.

Be thou in joy our deeper joy,  
 Our comfort when distressed ;  
 Be thou by day, our strength for toil,  
 And thou by night, our rest !  
 And when these earthly dwellings fail,  
 And time's last hour is come,  
 Be thou, O God, our dwelling place,  
 And our eternal home !

Frederick L. Hosmer.

C. M.

*God in the Soul.*

Beyond, beyond that boundless sea,  
Above that dome of sky,  
Farther than thought itself can flee,  
Thy dwelling is on high :  
Yet dear the awful thought to me,  
That thou, my God, art nigh.

We hear thy voice when thunders roll  
Through the wide fields of air ;  
The waves obey thy dread control ;  
Yet still thou art not there :  
Where shall I find Him, O my soul,  
Who yet is everywhere ?

Oh, not in circling depth or height,  
But in the conscious breast ;  
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,  
There doth his Spirit rest :  
Oh, come, thou Presence infinite,  
And make thy creature blest !

Josiah Conder.

P. M.

*Lead, kindly Light.*

Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom  
     Lead thou me on !  
 The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
     Lead thou me on !  
 Keep thou my feet : I do not ask to see  
 The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou  
     Should'st lead me on :  
 I loved to choose and see my path ; but now  
     Lead thou me on !  
 I loved the garish day ; and, spite of fears,  
 Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still  
     Will lead me on  
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
     The night is gone,  
 And, with the morn, those angel faces smile,  
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

John Henry Newman.

C. M.

*Prayer for Guidance.*

O God of Bethel ! by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed ;  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led :

Our vows, our pray'rs, we now present  
Before thy throne of grace :  
God of our fathers ! be the God  
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wand'ring footsteps guide :  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.

O spread thy cov'ring wings around,  
Till all our wand'rings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from thy gracious hand  
Our humble pray'rs implore ;  
And thou shalt be our chosen God  
And portion evermore.

Philip Doddridge.

C. M.

*Perfect Trust.*

While thee I seek, Protecting Power !  
 Be my vain wishes stilled ;  
 And may this consecrated hour  
 With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the powers of thought bestowed ;  
 To thee my thoughts would soar :  
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;  
 That mercy I adore !

In each event of life, how clear  
 Thy ruling hand I see !  
 Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
 Because conferred by thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,  
 In every pain I bear,  
 My heart shall find delight in praise,  
 Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,  
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;  
 Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,  
 My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,  
 The gathering storm shall see ;  
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;  
 That heart shall rest on thee !

Helen M. Williams.

L. M.

*Prayer for Guidance.*

O Thou, to whose all-searching sight  
 The darkness shineth as the light,  
 Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee ;  
 Oh, burst these bonds and set it free !

If in this darksome wild I stray,  
 Be thou my light, be thou my way ;  
 No foes, no violence I fear,  
 No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,  
 When sinks my heart in waves of woe,  
 O Lord, thy timely aid impart,  
 And raise my head, and cheer my heart !

If rough and thorny be the way,  
 My strength proportion to my day ;  
 Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,  
 Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

Tersteegen.

Tr. by John Wesley.

7s M.

*The Heavenly Presence.*

Sweetest joy the soul can know,  
Fairest light was ever shed,  
Who alike in joy and woe,  
Leavest none unvisited !

Spirit of the Highest God,  
Who upholdest everything,  
Thou from whom my life has flowed,  
To my life thy gladness bring.

For the noblest gift thou art,  
That a soul e'er sought or won ;  
Have I wished thee to my heart,  
Then my wishing all is done.

Bathe my soul, thou Well of Grace,  
Cleanse me in thy purity ;  
Every stain and spot efface,  
Make me what thou lov'st to see.

Tr. from Paul Gerhardt.

C. M.

*The Silent Presence.*

Unheard the dews around me fall,  
And heavenly influence shed ;  
And silent on this earthly ball,  
Celestial footsteps tread.

Night reigns in silence o'er the pole,  
And spreads her gems unheard ;  
Her lessons penetrate the soul,  
Yet borrow not a word.

Noiseless the sun emits his fire,  
And pours his golden streams ;  
And silently the shades retire  
Before his rising beams.

O grant my soul an ear to hear  
Thy deep and silent voice ;  
To bend in lowly filial fear,  
And in thy love rejoice.

Hymns for Public Worship (1845).

C. M.

*Conversing with God.*

Speak with us, Lord ! thyself reveal,  
While here on earth we rove ;  
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel  
The kindling of thy love.

With thee conversing, we forget  
All times, and toil, and care :  
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,  
If thou, my God, art here.

Here then, O Lord, vouchsafe to stay,  
And bid my heart rejoice ;  
My gladdened heart shall own thy sway,  
And echo to thy voice.

Thou callest me to seek thy face ;  
'Tis all I wish to seek ;  
To attend the whispers of thy grace,  
And hear thee inly speak.

Charles Wesley.

## C M

*Prayer for Wisdom.*

Almighty God ! in humble prayer  
To thee our souls we lift  
Do thou our waiting minds prepare  
For thy most needful gift.

We ask not golden streams of wealth  
Along our path to flow ;  
We ask not undecaying health,  
Nor length of years below.

We ask not honors, which an hour  
May bring and take away ;  
We ask not pleasure, pomp and power,  
Lest we should go astray.

We ask for wisdom :—Lord ! impart  
The knowledge how to live ;  
A wise and understanding heart  
To all before thee give.

The young remember thee in youth,  
Before the evil days !  
The old be guided by thy truth  
In wisdom's pleasant ways !

James Montgomery.

C. M.

*What is Prayer ?*

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
 Uttered or unexpressed ;  
 The motion of a hidden fire  
 That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
 The falling of a tear,  
 The upward glancing of an eye,  
 When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
 That infant lips can try ;  
 Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach  
 The majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
 The Christian's native air ;  
 His watchword at the gate of death :  
 He enters heaven with prayer.

O Thou by whom we come to God,  
 The Life, the Truth, the Way,  
 The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;  
 Lord teach us how to pray.

James Montgomery.

C. M.

*At the Fountain.*

O God, unseen, but ever near,  
Our blessed rest art thou ;  
And we, in love that hath no fear,  
Take refuge with thee now.

All soiled with dust our pilgrim feet,  
And weary with the way ;  
We seek thy shelter from the heat  
And burden of life's day.

Oh, welcome in the wilderness  
The shadow of thy love ;  
The stream that springs our thirst to bless,  
The manna from above !

Awhile beside the fount we stay  
And eat this bread of thine,  
Then go rejoicing on our way,  
Renewed with strength divine.

Anonymous.

## L M

*"He will be our Guide."*

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
 Out from the land of bondage came,  
 Her fathers' God before her moved,  
 An awful guide in smoke and flame.  
 By day, along the astonished lands  
 The cloudy pillar glided slow ;  
 By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands  
 Returned the fiery column's glow.

But present still, though now unseen,  
 When brightly shines the prosperous day,  
 Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen  
 To temper the deceitful ray.  
 And O ! when stoops on Judah's path  
 In shade and storm the frequent night,  
 Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,  
 A burning and a shining light.

Sir Walter Scott.

C. M.

*Silent Prayer.*

Sweet is the prayer, whose holy stream  
In earnest pleading flows ;  
Devotion dwells upon the theme,  
And warm and warmer glows.

Faith grasps the blessing she desires ;  
Hope points the upward gaze ;  
And love, celestial love, inspires  
The eloquence of praise.

But sweeter far the still small voice,  
Heard by no human ear,  
When God has made the heart rejoice,  
And dried the bitter tear.

No accents flow, no words ascend ;  
All utterance fadeth there ;  
But sainted spirits comprehend,  
And God accepts, the prayer.

Anonymous.

C. M.

*A prayer for divine aid.*

Father in heaven, to thee my heart  
Would lift itself in prayer ;  
Drive from my soul each earthly thought,  
And show thy presence there.

Each moment of my life renews  
The mercies of the Lord,  
Each moment is itself a gift  
To bear me on to God.

O, help me break the galling chains  
This world has round me thrown ;  
Each passion of my heart subdue,  
Each darling sin disown !

And do thou kindle in my breast  
A never-dying flame  
Of holy love, of grateful trust  
In thine almighty name !

William H. Furness.

C. M

*The desire of the humble.*

Lord ! when I all things would possess,  
I crave but to be thine :  
O lowly is the loftiness  
Of these desires divine.

Each gift but helps my soul to learn  
How boundless is thy store ;  
I go from strength to strength, and yearn  
For thee, my helper, more.

How can my soul divinely soar,  
How keep the shining way,  
And not more tremblingly adore,  
And not more humbly pray ?

The more I triumph in thy gifts,  
The more I wait on thee,  
The grace that mightily uplifts,  
Most sweetly humbleth me.

The heaven where I would stand complete  
My lowly love shall see ;  
And stronger grow the yearning sweet,  
Thou Holy One, for thee.

Thomas H. Gill.

C. M.

*Divine Help.*

O Name all other names above,  
What art thou not to me,  
Now I have learned to trust thy love  
And cast my care on thee !

What is our being but a cry,  
A restless longing still,  
Which thou alone canst satisfy,  
Alone thy fulness fill ?

Thrice blessed be the holy souls  
That lead the way to thee,  
That burn upon the martyr rolls  
And lists of prophecy !

And sweet it is to tread the ground  
O'er which their faith hath trod ;  
But sweeter far, when thou art found,  
The soul's own sense of God.

The thought of thee all sorrow calms :  
Our anxious burdens fall ;  
His crosses turn to triumph-palms  
Who finds in God his all.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

C. M.

*" Whose service is perfect freedom."*

Father, thy presence, ever near,  
 Help us to feel and know,  
 That we may find thy kingdom here,  
 And walk with God below.

Help us to find, in thy great love,  
 Our dearest hope and guide :  
 Who rests on wisdom from above  
 Can need no help beside.

Help us to trust that mighty hand  
 Which leads us on our way :  
 When perfect justice gives command,  
 'Tis freedom to obey.

N. Hale.

C. M.

*Need of Help.*

Not only for some task sublime  
Thy help do I implore;  
Not only at some solemn time  
Thy holy spirit pour!

But for each daily task of mine  
I need thy quickening power:  
I need thy presence everywhere  
I need thee every hour.

Each action finds in thee its spring  
Each joy thy love makes bright  
Each footstep is thine ordering,  
Each grief shines in thy light.

Thomas H. Gill

L. M 6 lines.

*God our All in All.*

Thou hidden Source of calm repose,  
 Thou all-sufficient Love divine,  
 My help and refuge from my foes,  
 Secure I am if thou art mine.  
 And lo ! from sin and grief and shame  
 I hide me, Father, in thy name.

O God, my all in all thou art,  
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain ;  
 The healing of my broken heart ;  
 In strife, my peace ; in loss, my gain ;  
 My smile beneath the cold world's frown ;  
 In shame, my glory and my crown. ;

In want, my plentiful supply ;  
 In weakness, my almighty power ;  
 In bonds, my perfect liberty ;  
 My light in evil's darkest hour ;  
 In grief, my joy unspeakable ;  
 My life in death, my all in all.

Charles Wesley.

8 &amp; 6s M.

*Lord, I am thine.*

Lord of my life ! whose tender care  
 Hath led me on till now,  
 Here lowly at the hour of prayer  
 Before thy throne I bow :  
 I bless thy gracious hand, and pray  
 Forgiveness for another day.

O may I daily, hourly, strive  
 In heavenly grace to grow ;  
 To thee and to thy glory live,  
 Dead to all else below ;  
 Tread in the path thy saints have trod,  
 Though thorny, yet the path to God !

With prayer my humble praise I bring  
 For mercies day by day ;  
 Lord, teach my heart thy love to see ;  
 Lord teach me how to pray !  
 All that I have, I am, to thee  
 I offer through eternity.

Anonymous.

11 &amp; 10s M.

*"Who by searching can find out God!"*

I cannot find Thee. Still on restless pinion  
My spirit beats the void where thou dost dwell;  
I wander lost through all thy vast dominion,  
And shrink beneath thy light ineffable.

I cannot find thee. E'en when most adoring,  
Before thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer;  
Beyond these bounds of thought, my thought upsoaring,  
From furthest quest comes back: Thou art not there.

Yet high above the limits of my seeing,  
And folded far within the inmost heart,  
And deep below the deeps of conscious being,  
Thy splendor shineth: there, O God, thou art.

I cannot lose thee. Still in thee abiding,  
The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam;  
The law that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,  
And I must rest at last in thee, my home.

Eliza Scudder.

L. M.

*"In thy light shall we see light."*

O Grant us light, that we may know  
 The wisdom thou alone canst give ;  
 That truth may guide where'er we go,  
 And virtue bless where'er we live.

O Grant us light, that we may learn  
 How dead is life from thee apart :  
 How sure is joy, for all who turn  
 To thee an undivided heart.

O Grant us light, in grief and pain,  
 To lift our burdened hearts above,  
 And count the very cross a gain,  
 And bless our Father's hidden love.

O Grant us light, when soon or late  
 All earthly scenes shall pass away,  
 In thee to find the open gate  
 To deathless home and endless day.

Lawrence Tuttiett.

C M.

*"His greatness is unsearchable."*

Great God, on whose sustaining power  
Unnumbered worlds depend ;  
Great Spirit, comprehending all,  
Whom none can comprehend !

In light unsearchable enthroned ;  
Whom angels dimly see ;  
In heights of glory still concealed ;  
In depths of mystery !

With wondering reverence we adore ;  
With awe before thee bend,  
Whom none, but by thine inward light  
And spirit, apprehend.

ANONYMOUS.

*The Lord's Day.*

O Father ! though the anxious fear  
May cloud to-morrow's doubtful way,  
Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here ;  
All shall be thine at least to-day.

We will not bring divided hearts  
To worship at thy sacred shrine ;  
But each unholy thought departs,  
And leaves the temple wholly thine.

O Father ! God below, above !  
Man's noblest work is praising thee  
Thy spirit o'er our hearts shall move  
And tune them all to harmony.

Emily Taylor.

6s M.

*Love.*

O Love, with thy sweet chains  
Bind both my hand and heart !  
Who knoweth not thy bonds  
In freedom hath no part.

'Tis such a bond that holds  
Each in its circling round  
The suns and golden stars,  
Without a jar or sound.

So bind the race of men  
In harmony and love,  
Till each his orbit fills  
Like those that shine above.

Loving our brother thus,  
O Father, it shall be  
Our love shall higher reach,  
And end in loving thee.

Minot J. Savage.

·7s M.

*Seeking God.*

Thirsting for a living spring,  
Seeking for a higher home,  
Resting where our souls must cling,  
Trusting, hoping, Lord, we come.

Glorious hopes our spirits fill,  
When we feel that thou art near ;  
Father, then our fears are still,  
Then the soul's bright end is clear.

Life's hard conflict we would win,  
Read the meaning of life's frown ;  
Change the thorn-bound wreath of sin  
For the spirit's starry crown.

Make us beautiful within  
By thy spirit's holy light :  
Guard us when our faith is dim,  
Father of all love and might !

Frank P. Appleton.

10s M.

*"In thy light shall I see light."*

Father. Thy wonders do not singly stand,  
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed ;  
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,  
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.

In finding thee are all things round us found ;  
In losing thee are all things lost beside ;  
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,  
And to our eyes the vision is denied.

Open our eyes that we that world may see !  
Open our ears that we thy voice may hear !  
And in the spirit-land may ever be,  
And feel thy presence with us always near :

No more to wander 'mid the things of time ;  
No more to suffer death or earthly change ;  
But with the Christian's joy and faith sublime,  
Through all thy vast eternal scenes to range.

Adapted from Jones Very.

L. M.

*Submissive prayer for Grace.*

My soul before thee prostrate lies,  
 To thee, its source, my spirit flies :  
 My wants I mourn, my chains I see ;  
 O let thy presence set me free !

In life's short day, let me yet more  
 Of thy enlivening power implore :  
 My mind must deeper sink in thee,  
 My foot stand firm, from wandering free.

Take full possession of my heart ;  
 The lowly mind of Christ impart :  
 I still will wait, O Lord, on thee,  
 Till, in thy light, the light I see.

One only care my soul should know,  
 Father, all thy commands to do :  
 Ah ! deep engrave it on my breast,  
 That I in thee alone am blest.

Richter :  
 Tr. by John Wesley.

L. M.

*Peace and freedom of a divine love.*

Thou hidden love of God, whose height,  
 Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows :  
 I see from far thy beauteous light ;  
 Inly I sigh for thy repose ;  
 Then shall my heart from care be free,  
 When it hath found repose in thee.

Father ! thy sovereign aid impart,  
 To save me from low-thoughted care !  
 Chase this self-will through all my heart,  
 Through all its latent mazes there :  
 Make me thy duteous child, that I  
 Ceaseless may " Abba, Father," cry.

Each moment draw from earth away  
 My heart that lowly waits thy call !  
 Speak to my inmost soul and say,  
 " I am thy life, thy God, thy all !"  
 Thy love to reach, thy voice to hear,  
 Thy power to feel, be all my prayer.

Tersteegen :  
 Tr. by John Wesley.

L. M.

*Our Guide.*

Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With light and comfort from above ;  
 Be thou our guardian, thou our guide ;  
 O'er every thought and step preside.

To us the light of truth display,  
 And make us know and choose thy way ;  
 Plant holy fear in every heart,  
 That we from God may ne'er depart.

Lead us to holiness,—the road  
 Which we must take to dwell with God ;  
 Lead us to Christ,—the living way,—  
 Nor let us from his pastures stray ;

Lead us to God,—our final rest,—  
 To be with him for ever blest ;  
 Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share,  
 Fullness of joy forever there. .

Simon Browne.

L. M.

*The Spirit of Truth.*

Thou long disowned, reviled, oppressed,  
Strange friend of human kind,  
Seeking through weary years a rest  
Within our hearts to find ;—

How late thy bright and awful brow  
Breaks through these clouds of sin !  
Hail, Truth divine ! we know thee now ;  
Angel of God, come in !

Struck by the lightning of thy glance,  
Let old oppressions die :  
Before thy cloudless countenance  
Let fear and falsehood fly.

Anoint our eyes with healing grace,  
To see, as ne'er before,  
Our Father in our brother's face,  
Our Maker in his poor.

Flood our dark life with golden day :  
Convince, subdue, enthrall ;  
Then to a mightier yield thy sway,  
And Love be all in all.

Eliza Scudder.

C. M.

*Prayer for the Spirit.*

Spirit divine, attend our prayer,  
 And make our hearts thy home :  
 Descend with all thy gracious powers,  
 Oh, come, great Spirit, come !

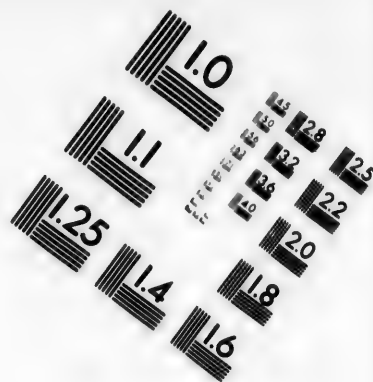
Come as the light ! to us reveal  
 The truth we long to know,  
 And lead us in the path of life  
 Where all the righteous go.

Come as the fire ! and purge our hearts,  
 Like sacrificial flame,  
 Till our whole souls an offering be  
 In love's redeeming name.

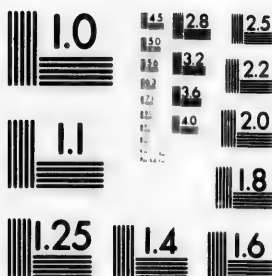
Come as the dew ! and sweetly bless  
 This consecrated hour,  
 Till every barren place shall own,  
 With joy, thy quickening power.

Come as the wind, O Breath of God !  
 O Pentecostal grace !  
 Come, make the great salvation known  
 Wide as the human race.

Andrew Reed.



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L. M.

*The Spirit of God.*

Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
Fill me with life anew,  
That I may love what thou dost love,  
And do what thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
Until my heart is pure,  
Until with thee I will one will,  
To do or to endure.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
Till I am wholly thine,  
Till all this earthly part of me  
Glows with thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
So shall I never die,  
But live with thee the perfect life  
Of thine eternity.

Edwin Hatch.

8 &amp; 7s M.

*Joy and Peace.*

Holy Spirit, source of gladness,  
Come with all thy radiance bright ;  
O'er our weariness and sadness  
Breathe thy life, and shed thy light !

Send us thine illumination,  
Banish all our fears at length ;  
Rest upon this congregation,  
Spirit of unfailing strength !

Let that love, which knows no measure,  
Now in quickening showers descend,  
Bringing us the richest treasure  
Man can wish, or God can send.

Hear our earnest supplication,  
Every struggling heart release ;  
Rest upon this congregation,  
Spirit of untroubled Peace.

Anonymous.

L. M.

*"The healthful spirit of God's grace."*

Spirit of grace, and health, and power !  
Fountain of light and love below !  
Abroad thy healing influence shower ;  
On all thy servants let it flow.

Inflame our hearts with perfect love ;  
In us the work of faith fulfil :  
So not heaven's host shall swifter move,  
Than we on earth to do thy will.

Father ! 't is thine each day to yield  
'Thy children's wants a fresh supply ;  
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,  
And hearest the young ravens cry.

On thee we cast our care ; we live  
Through thee who know'st our every need :  
O feed us with thy grace, and give  
Our souls this day the living bread !

John Wesley.

C. M.

*Quicken me, O Lord.*

Come, mighty Spirit, penetrate  
This heart and soul of mine ;  
And my whole being with thy grace  
Pervade, O Life divine.

As the clear air surrounds the earth,  
Thy grace around me roll ;  
As the fresh light pervades the air,  
So pierce and fill my soul.

As from the clouds drops down in love  
The precious summer rain,  
So from thyself pour down the flood  
That freshens all again.

Thus life within our lifeless hearts  
Shall make its glad abode ;  
And we shall shine in beauteous light,  
Filled with the light of God.

Horatius Bonar.

6 &amp; 4s M.

*Rest.*

Like travellers that stray  
Through countries far away,  
    But long for home ;  
Like birds that seek their nest,  
Like child to mother's breast,  
Weary for peace and rest,  
    To thee we come.

From our too anxious thought,  
From all our hands have wrought,  
    From truth's long quest ;  
From danger's wild alarms,  
From evil's fatal charms,  
To thine embracing arms,  
    We fly for rest.

As ships their anchors cast  
When all the storms are past,  
    Their troubles o'er ;  
Whatever may betide,  
Here, sheltered by thy side,  
In safety we'll abide  
    Forever more !

Minot J. Savage.

L. M.

*Prayer for the Spirit of God.*

Spirit of Truth! who makest bright  
All souls that long for heavenly light,  
Appear, and on my darkness shine;  
Descend, and be my Guide divine.

Spirit of Power! whose might doth dwell  
Full in the souls thou lovest well,  
Unto this fainting heart draw near,  
And be my daily Quickener.

Spirit of Joy! who makest glad  
Each broken heart by sin made sad,  
Pour on this mourning soul thy cheer;  
Give me to bless my Comforter.

O tender Spirit! who dost mourn  
Whene'er from thee thy people turn,  
Give me each day to grieve thee less,—  
Enjoy my fuller faithfulness:

Till thou shalt make me meet to bear  
The sweetness of heaven's holy air,  
The light wherein no darkness is,  
The eternal, overflowing bliss!

Thomas H. Gill.

8 & 7s M.

*Step by Step.*

Not so fearful, doubting pilgrim,  
Though the darkness round thee close,  
Though the future glooms foreboding,  
Threatening all thy soul's repose.

'Tis not in this life vouchsafed us  
All our way to see before ;  
Clears the path as we go forward,  
Step by step, and nothing more.

Noble ones have gone before thee :  
Fear not, while thine eyes may greet,  
Leading on, their faithful footprints ;  
In them strive to set thy feet.

Wait not for the noonday brightness :  
Haste thee through the morning gray ;  
Lo, the eastern glow before thee,  
Broadening, brightening ray by ray !

Thus, the just one's day beginneth :  
First, the streak of dawn is given ;  
Earth sees but the early morning,  
Cloudless noon is found in heaven.

Minot J. Savage.

S. M.

*Prayer for self-consecration.*

O God, my strength, my hope !  
 On thee I cast my care,  
 With humble confidence look up,  
 And know thou hear'st my prayer.

O for a godly fear,—  
 A quick-discerning eye,  
 That looks to thee when sin is near,  
 And sees the tempter fly !—

A spirit still prepared,  
 And armed with jealous care,  
 For ever standing on its guard,  
 And watching unto prayer !—

A soul inured to pain,  
 To hardship, grief, and loss ;  
 Bold to take up, firm to sustain,  
 The consecrated cross !

Lord ! let me still abide,  
 Nor from my hope remove,  
 Till thou my patient spirit guide  
 Into thy perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

L. M. 6 lines.

*The divine Spirit implored.*

Creator Spirit, by whose light  
The sleeping worlds were called from night !  
Come, visit every pious mind,  
Come, pour thy joys on human kind ;  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make us temples worthy thee.

O Source of uncreated light,  
By whom our souls emerge from night,  
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire !  
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;  
Chase from our minds each haunting foe,  
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow.

Plenteous in grace descend from high,  
Rich in thy sevenfold energy ;  
Our frailty help, our vice control,  
Thou ruler of our secret soul !  
And, lest our feet should haply stray,  
Protect and guide us in the way.

Latin hymn :

Tr. by John Dryden.

8 &amp; 7s M.

*Divine Love.*

Love divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down !  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
All thy faithful mercies crown.  
Father ! Thou art all compassion,  
Pure, unbounded love thou art ;  
Visit us with thy salvation,  
Enter every longing heart.

Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit  
Into every troubled breast ;  
Let us all in thee inherit,  
Let us find thy promised rest.  
Come, almighty to deliver,  
Let us all thy life receive ;  
Graciously come down, and never,  
Never more thy temples leave !

Charles Wesley.

## 7s M.

*Prayer for Inspiration.*

Holy Spirit, Truth divine !  
Dawn upon this soul of mine ;  
Word of God and Inward Light !  
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

Holy Spirit, Love divine !  
Glow within this heart of mine ;  
Kindle every high desire ;  
Perish self in thy pure fire !

Holy Spirit, Power divine !  
Fill and nerve this will of mine ;  
By thee may I strongly live,  
Bravely bear and nobly strive.

Holy Spirit, Right divine !  
King within my conscience reign ;  
Be my Law, and I shall be  
Firmly bound, forever free.

Holy Spirit, Peace divine !  
Still this restless heart of mine ;  
Speak to calm this tossing sea,  
Stayed in thy tranquility.

Holy Spirit, Joy divine !  
Gladden thou this heart of mine ;  
In the desert ways I sing  
"Spring, O Well ! forever spring."

Samuel Longfellow.

P. M.

*The heavenly Herald.*

O lovely voices of the sky,  
 That hymned the Saviour's birth !  
 Are ye not singing still on high,  
 Ye that sang "Peace on earth ?"  
 To us yet speak the strains  
 Wherewith, in days gone by,  
 Ye bless'd the Syrian swains,  
 O voices of the sky !

O clear and shining light, whose beams  
 A heavenly glory shed  
 Around the palms, and o'er the streams,  
 And on the shepherds' head !  
 Be near through life and death,  
 As in that holiest night  
 Of hope, and joy, and faith,  
 O clear and shining light !

O star which led to him, whose love  
 Brought hope and mercy free !  
 Where art thou ? 'Mid the host above  
 May we still gaze on thee ?  
 In heaven thou art not set,  
 Thy rays earth might not dim ;  
 Send them to guide us yet,  
 O star which led to him !

Felicia Hemans.

C. M.

*The Coming of the Messiah.*

Hark the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,  
The Saviour promised long !  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.

On him the spirit, largely poured,  
Exerts its sacred fire ;  
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,  
His holy breast inspire.

He comes from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray ;  
And on the eye-balls of the blind  
To pour celestial day.

He comes the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure ;  
And with the treasures of his grace,  
Enrich the humble poor.

Our glad Hosannas, Prince of peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge.

C. M.

*The Nativity.*

Calm on the listening ear of night,  
 Come heaven's melodious strains,  
 Where wild Judæa stretches forth  
 Her silver-mantled plains.

Celestial choirs, from courts above,  
 Shed sacred glories there ;  
 And angels, with their sparkling lyres,  
 Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine  
 Send back the glad reply ;  
 And greet, from all their holy heights,  
 The day-spring from on high ;

O'er the blue depths of Galilee,  
 There comes a holier calm ;  
 And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,  
 Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God," the sounding skies  
 Loud with their anthems ring ;  
 "Peace to the earth, good-will to men,  
 From heaven's Eternal King!"

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem !  
 The Saviour now is born ;  
 And bright, on Bethlehem's joyous plains,  
 Breaks the first Christmas morn.

Edmund H. Sears.

7s M.

*The day-spring welcomed.*

Sons of men ! behold from far,  
Hail the long-expected star !  
Star of truth that gilds the night,  
Guiding devious nature right.

Mild it shines on all beneath,  
Piercing through the shades of death;  
Scattering error's wide-spread night;  
Kindling darkness into light.

Nations all, remote and near,  
Haste to see your Lord appear ;  
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,  
Meet him manifested there.

There behold the day-spring rise,  
Pouring light on mortal eyes ;  
See it chase the shades away,  
Shining to the perfect day.

Charles Wesley.

S. M.

*Duty and Love.*

A voice by Jordan's shore !  
 A summons stern and clear ;—  
 Reform ! be just ! and sin no more  
 God's judgment draweth near !

A voice by Galilee,  
 A holier voice I hear :—  
 Love God ! thy neighbour love ! for see  
 God's mercy draweth near !

O voice of Duty ! still  
 Speak forth ; I hear with awe :  
 In thee I own the sovereign will,  
 Obey the sovereign law.

Thou higher voice of Love,  
 Yet speak thy word in me ;  
 Through duty, let me upward move  
 To thy pure liberty.

Samuel Longfellow.

C. M.

*Jesus.*

He cometh not a king to reign,  
The world's long hope is dim ;  
The weary centuries watch in vain  
The clouds of heaven for him.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet  
A present help is he ;  
And faith has still its Olivet,  
And love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress  
Is by our beds of pain ;  
We touch him in life's throng and press,  
And we are whole again.

O Lord and Master of us all !  
Whate'er our name or sign,  
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,  
We test our lives by thine.

John G. Whittier.

10s M.

*Jesus.*

O Thou great Friend to all the sons of men,  
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,  
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,  
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe!

We look to thee: thy truth is still the light  
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,  
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,  
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes! thou art still the Life; thou art the Way  
The holiest know; Light, Life, and Way of heaven!  
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,  
Toil by the light, life, way, which thou hast given.

Theodore Parker.

C. M.

*Entering Life.*

A wondrous star our pioneer,  
 We left the mystic land  
 Where heaven-nurtured childhood slept,  
 Where yet old visions stand.

The world throws wide its brazen gates ;  
 With thee we enter in ;  
 O, grant us, in our humble sphere,  
 To free that world from sin !

The truest worship is a life ;  
 All dreaming we resign ;  
 We lay our offerings at thy feet,—  
 Our lives, O God ! are thine.

John Weiss.

C. M.

*Jesus.*

The loving Friend to all who bowed  
 Beneath life's weary load,  
 From lips baptized in humble prayer  
 His consolations flowed.

The faithful Witness to the Truth,  
 His just rebuke was hurled  
 Out from a heart that burned to break  
 The fetters of the world.

No hollow rite, no lifeless creed,  
 His piercing glance could bear;  
 But longing hearts which sought him found  
 That God and heaven were there.

Samuel Longfellow.

L. M.

*The Teacher.*

How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound  
From lips of gentleness and grace,  
When listening thousands gathered round  
And joy and reverence filled the place!

From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,  
To heaven he led his followers' way ;  
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,  
Unveiling an immortal day.

"Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;  
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest !"  
Yes ! sacred Teacher, we will come,  
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

Decay, then, tenements of dust !  
Pillars of earthly pride, decay !  
A nobler mansion waits the just,  
And Jesus has prepared the way.

Sir John Bowring.

L. M.

*The example of Christ.*

My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,  
I read my duty in thy word :  
But in thy life the law appears  
Drawn out in living characters.

Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,  
Such deference to thy Father's will,  
Such love, and meekness so divine ;  
I would transcribe and make them mine.

Cold mountains, and the midnight air,  
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer ;  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

Be thou my pattern ! may I bear  
More of thy gracious image here !  
That God, in heaven, may find in me  
A soul prepared to dwell with thee.

Isaac Watts.

C. M.

*True Service.*

O Love! O Life! our faith and sight  
Thy presence maketh one :  
As through transfigured clouds of white,  
We trace the noon-day sun,—

So, to our mortal eyes subdued,  
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,  
We know in thee the fatherhood  
And heart of God revealed.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,  
In differing phrase we pray ;  
But, dim or clear, we own in thee  
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

To do thy will is more than praise,  
As words are less than deeds ;  
And simple trust can find thy ways  
We miss with chart of creeds.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,  
What may thy service be ?  
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,  
But simply following thee.

John G. Whittier.

L. M.

*The permanence of the spirit of Jesus.*

O Fairest-born of Love and Light,  
Yet bending brow and eye severe  
On all which pains the holy sight,  
Or wounds the pure and perfect ear !

Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,  
How fade the lines of caste and birth !  
How equal in their suffering lie  
The groaning multitudes of earth !

Still to a stricken brother true,  
Whatever clime hath nurtured him ;  
As stooped to heal the wounded Jew,  
The worshipper of Gerizim.

In holy words which cannot die,  
In thoughts which angels leaned to know,  
Christ spake thy message from on high,  
Thy mission to a world of woe.

That voice's echo hath not died ;  
From the blue lake of Galilee,  
From Tabor's lonely mountain-side,  
It calls a struggling world to thee.

John G. Whittier.

## 7s M.

*Christ's sufferings our strength.*

When my love to Christ grows weak,  
When for deeper faith I seek,  
Then in thought I go to thee,  
Garden of Gethsemane.

There I walk amid the shades,  
While the lingering twilight fades ;  
See that suffering, friendless one  
Weeping, praying there alone.

When my love for Christ grows weak,  
When for stronger faith I seek,  
Hill of Calvary, I go  
To thy scenes of fear and woe ;

There behold his agony,  
Suffered on the bitter tree ;  
See his anguish, see his faith,  
Love triumphant still in death.

Then to life I turn again,  
Learning all the worth of pain ;  
Learning all the might that lies  
In a full self-sacrifice.

Anonymous.

L. M.

*Consecration of Jesus.*

O'er the dark wave of Galilee  
The gloom of twilight gathers fast,  
And on the waters drearily  
Descends the fitful evening blast.

The weary bird hath left the air,  
And sunk into his sheltered nest ;  
The wandering beast has sought his lair,  
And laid him down to welcome rest.

Still, near the lake, with weary tread,  
Lingers a form of human kind ;  
And on his lone, unsheltered head  
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.

Why seeks he not a home of rest ?  
Why seeks he not a pillowed bed ?  
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest ;  
He hath not where to lay his head.

Such was the lot he freely chose,  
To bless, to save the human race ;  
And through his poverty there flows  
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

William Russell.

L. M.

*Steadfast in suffering.*

O suffering Friend of human kind !  
How, as the fatal hour drew near,  
Came thronging on thy holy mind  
The images of grief and fear !

Gethsemane's sad midnight scene,  
The faithless friends, the exulting foes,  
The thorny crown, the insult keen,  
The scourge, the cross, before thee rose.

Did not thy spirit shrink dismayed,  
As the dark vision o'er it came ;  
And, though in sinless strength arrayed,  
Turn, shuddering, from the death of shame ?

Onward, like thee, thro' scorn and dread,  
May we our Father's call obey,  
Steadfast thy path of duty tread,  
And rise, through death, to endless day !

Stephen G. Bulfinch.

8 &amp; 7s M.

*The Cross.*

In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me;  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming  
Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.

Sir John Bowring.

L. M.

*The Sent of the Father.*

O shall our hearts that Friend forsake  
Who gave himself that we might live?  
No, let our drooping faith awake,  
Our grateful love may it revive.

Low at thy feet we meekly sit,  
Blest Teacher of the Father's will!  
To thee let every thought submit;  
Say to our passions,—Peace, be still.

Thou who hast kindled in our way  
With Heaven's own torch a cheering light,  
To guide us to the realms of day,  
Through error's maze, and sorrow's night,—

In joy, in woe, in life, in death,  
O may thy truth within us reign;  
Be ours the spirit thou did'st breathe,  
Be ours the victory thou didst gain.

William P. Lunt.

111

C. M.

*Aspiration.*

Messiah now is gone before  
To the blest realms of light;  
O thither may our spirits soar,  
And wing their upward flight!

Lord! make us to those joys aspire,  
That spring from love to thee,  
That pass the carnal heart's desire,—  
And faith alone can see.

To guide us to thy glories, Lord!  
To lift us to the sky,  
O may thy spirit still be poured  
Upon us from on high!

Breviary.

7s M.

*Morning breaks upon the tomb.*

Morning breaks upon the tomb ;  
Jesus dissipates its gloom ;  
Day of triumph through the skies,  
See the glorious Saviour rise !

Christians, dry your flowing tears ;  
Chase those unbelieving fears ;  
Look on his deserted grave ;  
Doubt no more his power to save.

Ye who are of death afraid,  
Triumph in the scattered shade ;  
Drive your anxious cares away ;  
See the place where Jesus lay.

So the rising sun appears,  
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres ;  
So returning beams of light  
Chase the terrors of the night.

William B. Collyer.

L. M. 6 lines.

*The angel by the tomb.*

The mourners came at break of day  
 Unto the garden-sepulchre ;  
 With darkened hearts to weep and pray  
 For him, the loved one buried there.  
 What radiant light dispels the gloom ?—  
 An angel sits beside the tomb.

The earth doth mourn her treasures lost,  
 All sepulchred beneath the snow,  
 When wintry winds and chilling frost  
 Have laid her summer glories low ;  
 The spring returns, the flowerets bloom—  
 An angel sits beside the tomb.

Then mourn we not beloved dead,  
 E'en while we come to weep and pray :  
 The happy spirit far hath fled  
 To brighter realms of endless day :  
 Immortal hope dispels the gloom—  
 An angel sits beside the tomb.

Sarah Flower Adams.

7s M.

*God in All.*

In each breeze that wanders free,  
 And each flower that gems the sod,  
 Living souls may hear and see  
 Freshly uttered words from God !

Had we but a searching mind,  
 Seeking good where'er it springs,  
 We should then true wisdom find,  
 Hidden in familiar things !

God is present, and doth shine  
 Through each scene beneath the sky,  
 Kindling with a light divine  
 Every form that meets the eye.

Nature, with eternal youth,  
 Ever bursts upon the sight ;  
 All her works are types of truth,—  
 Mirrors of celestial light !

If the mind would nature see,  
 Let her cherish virtue more ;  
 Goodness bears the golden key  
 That unlocks her temple door.

Robert C. Waterston.

C. M.

*The outer and the inner world.*

There is a book, who runs may read,  
Which heavenly truth imparts,  
And all the lore its scholars need,—  
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,  
Within us and around,  
Are pages in that book, to show  
How God himself is found.

The glorious sky embracing all  
Is like the Maker's love,  
Wherewith encompassed, great and small  
In peace and order move.

The dew of heaven is like thy grace,  
It steals in silence down ;  
But where it lights, the favored place  
By richest fruits is known.

Two worlds are ours : 'tis only sin  
Forbids us to descry  
The mystic heaven and earth within,  
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou who hast given me eyes to see  
And love this sight so fair,  
Give me a heart to find out thee,  
And read thee everywhere.

John Keble.

C. M.

*The secret place.*

The Lord is in his Holy Place  
In all things near and far :  
Shekinah of the snow-flake, he,  
And Glory of the star,  
And Secret of the April-land  
That stirs the field to flowers,  
Whose little tabernacles rise  
To hold him through the hours.

He hides himself within the love  
Of those whom we love best ;  
The smiles and tones that make our homes,  
Are shrines by him possessed ;  
He tents within the lonely heart  
And shepherds every thought :  
We find him not by seeking long,—  
We lose him not, unsought.

William C. Gannett.

C. M.

*Hymn of Spring*

When warmer suns and bluer skies  
Proclaim the opening year,  
What happy sounds of life arise,  
What lovely scenes appear !

Earth with her thousand voices sings  
Her song of gladsome praise ;  
And every blade of grass that springs,  
God's loving law obeys.

The early flowers bloom bright and fair,  
Fair shines the morning sky ;  
The birds make music in the air,  
The brook goes singing by.

Like this Spring morning sweet and clear,  
That greets our gladdened eyes,  
The Spring of heaven's eternal year  
Shall bring new earth and skies.

Anonymous.

C. M.

*The Hymn of Summer.*

How glad the tone when Summer's sun  
Wreathes the gay world with flowers,  
And trees bend down with golden fruit,  
And birds are in their bowers !

The morn sends silent music down  
Upon each earthly thing ;  
And always since creation's dawn  
The stars together sing.

Shall man remain in silence, then,  
While all beneath the skies  
The chorus joins ? No, let us sing,  
And, while our voices rise,

O, let our lives, great God, breathe forth  
A constant melody,  
And every action be a tone  
In that sweet hymn to thee !

James Richardson, Jr.

L. M.

*Hymn of Autumn.*

O Lord of seasons ! unto thee  
Our hymn with grateful heart we raise,  
For all thy gifts, so rich and free,  
That crown these sweet autumnal days.

By thy dear love the lap of Spring  
Was heaped with many a blooming flower,  
And smiling Summer joyed to bring  
The sunshine and the gentle shower.

And Autumn pours her riches now  
Of ripening grain and bursting shell ;  
And golden sheaf and laden bough  
The fulness of thy bounty tell.

Beneath blue skies the fragrant breeze  
O'er rustling, fallen leaves doth blow ;  
In gold and purple robed, the trees  
The fulness of thy beauty show.

Anonymous.

L. M.

*Hymn of Winter.*

Tis Winter now ; the fallen snow  
Has left the heavens all coldly clear ;  
Through leafless boughs the sharp winds blow,  
And all the earth lies dead and drear.

And yet God's love is not withdrawn ;  
His life within the keen air breathes,  
His beauty paints the crimson dawn,  
And clothes the boughs with glitt'ring wreaths.

And though abroad the sharp winds blow,  
And skies are chill, and frosts are keen,  
Home closer draws her circle now,  
And warmer glows her light within.

O God ! who giv'st the Winter's cold  
As well as Summer's joyous rays,  
Us warmly in thy love enfold,  
And keep us through life's wintry days !

Samuel Longfellow.

L. M.

*The continual help of God.*

Great God ! we sing that mighty hand,  
By which supported still we stand ;  
The opening year thy mercy shows :  
Thy mercy crowns it till its close.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
Still are we guarded by our God ;  
By his incessant bounty fed,  
By his unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own ;  
The future, all to us unknown,  
We to thy guardian care commit,  
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

In scenes exalted or depressed  
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest ;  
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
Adored through all our changing days.

Philip Doddridge.

C. M.

*The worth of Time.*

O Time! ne'er resteth thy swift wing;  
 Thy minutes make no stay:  
 Yet what vast treasures do they bring,  
 What treasure bear away!

O richly laden hours, ye fly;  
 Yet ye lay down your load:  
 O minutes freighted awfully!  
 Your freight is all bestowed.

Ye bring the world's consuming care;  
 Ye bring the tempter's wile;  
 Ye bring the glorious strife of prayer;  
 Ye bring the Father's smile.

Yes, Lord, our days may be divine;  
 Our hours may golden be:  
 The brightness of their light may shine  
 Through all eternity.

We mourn not, hours, the wings ye take,  
 If your blest dower be given:  
 Fly on, bright minutes, if ye make  
 Our souls more meet for heaven!

Yes, parted years, still sweetly breathe!  
 Still blessedly appear!  
 And glory and delight bequeathe  
 To the eternal year!

Thomas H. Gill.

## 7 &amp; 6s M

*Consider the Lilies.*

He hides within the lily  
 A strong and tender care,  
 That wins the earth-born atoms  
 To glory of the air ;  
 He weaves the shining garments  
 Unceasingly and still,  
 Along the quiet waters,  
 In niches of the hill.

We linger at the vigil  
 With him who bent the knee  
 To watch the old-time lilies  
 In distant Galilee ;  
 And still the worship deepens  
 And quickens into new,  
 As, brightening down the ages,  
 God's secret thrilleth through.

O Toiler of the lily,  
 Thy touch is in the man !  
 No leaf that dawns to petal  
 But hints the angel-plan.  
 The flower-horizons open,  
 The blossom vaster shows,  
 We hear thy wide worlds echo,  
 "See how the lily grows !"

William C. Gannett.

L. M.

*The wisdom of redeeming time.*

God of eternity ! from thee  
Did infant time its being draw ;  
Moments and days and months and years  
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

Silent and slow they glide away ;  
Steady and strong the current flows,  
Lost in eternity's wide sea,  
The boundless gulf from whence it rose.

The thoughtless tribes of mortal men  
Before the rapid stream are borne  
On to that everlasting home,  
Whence not one soul can e'er return.

Yet, while the shore on either side  
Presents a gaudy, flattering show,  
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,  
Nor think to what a world we go.

Great Source of wisdom ! teach my heart  
To know the price of every hour ;  
That time may bear me on to joys  
Beyond its measure and its power.

Philip Doddridge.

## 7 &amp; 6s M.

*Our earth has not grown aged.*

Our earth has not grown aged,  
 With all her countless years ;  
 She works and never wearies,  
 Is glad, and nothing fears.  
 The glow of air, broad land and wave  
 In season reappears ;  
 And shall when slumber in the grave  
 These human smiles and tears.

Oh rich in songs and colors,  
 Thou joy-reviving Spring !  
 Some hopes are chill'd with Winter,  
 Whose term thou canst not bring :  
 Some voices answer not thy call,  
 When sky and woodland ring,  
 Some faces come not back at all  
 With primrose-blossoming.

The distant-flying swallow,  
 The upward-yearning seed,  
 Find nature's promise faithful,  
 Attain their humble meed.  
 Great Parent ! thou hast also formed  
 These hearts which throb and bleed ;  
 With love, truth, hope, their life hast warmed  
 And what is best, decreed.

William Allingham.

L. M.

*The close of the year.*

Another year! another year!  
 The unceasing rush of time sweeps on;  
 Whelmed in its surges, disappear  
 Man's hopes and fears, forevergone.

Oh, no! forbear that idle tale:  
 The hour demands another strain,—  
 Demands high thoughts that cannot quail,  
 And strength to conquer and retain.

Oh! what concerns it him whose way  
 Lies upward to the immortal dead,  
 That a few hairs are turning gray  
 Or one more year of life has fled?

Swift years! but teach me how to bear,  
 To feel and act with strength and skill,  
 To reason wisely, nobly dare,  
 And speed your courses as you will.

When life's meridian toils are done,  
 How calm, how rich the twilight glow,—  
 The morning twilight of a sun  
 That shines not here on things below!

Press onward through each varying hour;  
 Let no weak fears thy course delay:  
 Immortal being! feel thy power,  
 Pursue thy bright and endless way.

Andrews Norton.

C. M.

*Man frail, God eternal.*

Our God, our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
 And our eternal home !

A thousand ages, in thy sight,  
 Are like an evening gone ;  
 Short as the watch that ends the night  
 Before the rising sun.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
 With all their lives and cares,  
 Are carried downwards by thy flood,  
 And lost in following years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
 Bears all its sons away ;  
 They fall forgotten, as a dream  
 Dies at the opening day.

Like flowery fields the nations stand,  
 Pleased with the morning light ;  
 The flowers beneath the mower's hand  
 Lie withering ere 'tis night.

Our God, our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come !  
 Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
 And our eternal home.

Isaac Watts.

7s. M.

*Happy New Year.*

Backward looking o'er the past,  
Forward, too, with eager gaze  
Stand we here to-day, O God,  
At the parting of the ways.

Tenderest thoughts our bosoms fill ;  
Memories all bright and fair  
Seem to float on spirit-wings  
Downward through the silent air.

Hark ! through all their music sweet  
Hear you not a voice of cheer ?  
'Tis the voice of Hope which sings,  
" Happy be the coming year ! "

Father, comes that voice from thee !  
Swells it with thy meaning vast,—  
Good in all thy future stored,  
Fairer than in all the past !

John W. Chadwick.

C. M.

*A New Year.*

Our Father, through the coming year  
We know not what shall be ;  
But we would leave, without a fear,  
Its ordering all to thee.

It may be we shall toil in vain  
For what the world holds fair ;  
And all its good we thought to gain  
Deceive, and prove but care.

It may be it shall bring us days  
And nights of lingering pain,  
And bid us take our farewell gaze  
Of these loved haunts of men.

But calmly, Lord, on thee we rest :  
No fears our trust shall move ;  
Thou knowest what for each is best ;  
And thou art perfect love.

William Gaskell.

7 &amp; 6s M.

*Dedication.*

See Israel's gentle shepherd stand,  
With all engaging charms !  
Hark how he calls the tender lambs,  
And folds them in his arms !  
Permit them to approach, he cries,  
Nor scorn their humble name ;  
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,  
The Lord and Master came.

We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,  
And yield them up to thee :  
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,  
Thine let our offspring be.  
Ye little flock, with pleasure hear ;  
Ye children, seek his face :  
And fly, with transport, to receive  
The blessings of his grace.

Philip Doddridge.

S. M.

*Baptism of a Child.*

To thee, O God in heaven,  
 This little one we bring,  
 Giving to thee what thou hast given,  
 Our dearest offering.

Into a world of toil  
 These little feet will roam,  
 Where sin its purity may soil,  
 Where care and grief may come.

O, then, let thy pure love,  
 With influence serene,  
 Come down, like water, from above,  
 To comfort and make clean!

James Freeman Clarke.

C. M.

*Childhood's Innocence.*

We come in childhood's innocence,  
We come as children free ;  
We offer up, O God, our hearts  
In trusting love to thee.

Well may we bend in solemn joy  
At thy bright courts above !  
Well may the grateful child rejoice  
In such a Father's love !

We come not as the mighty come ;  
Not as the proud we bow ;  
But as the pure in heart should bend,  
Seek we thine altar now.

In joy we wake, in peace we sleep,  
Safe from all dread alarms ;  
Not folded in an angel's wings,  
But in a Father's arms.

Thomas Gray, Jr.

L. M.

*Life's Mission.*

Go forth to life, O child of earth !  
Still mindful of thy heavenly birth ;  
Thou art not here for ease, or sin,  
But manhood's noble crown to win.

Though passion's fires are in thy soul,  
Thy spirit can their flames control ;  
Though tempters strong beset thy way,  
Thy spirit is more strong than they.

Go on from innocence of youth  
To manly pureness, manly truth ;  
God's angels still are near to save,  
And God himself doth help the brave.

Then forth to life, O child of earth !  
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth !  
For noble service thou art here ;  
Thy brothers help, thy God revere !

Samuel Longfellow.

C. M.

*The years of innocence, and of temptation.*

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
 How sweet the lily grows!  
 How sweet the breath beneath the hill  
 Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo! such the child whose early feet  
 The paths of peace have trod;  
 Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
 Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
 The lily must decay;  
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
 Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
 Of man's maturer age  
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,  
 And stormy passion's rage.

O thou, whose infant feet were led  
 Within thy Father's shrine!  
 Whose years, with changeless virtue fed,  
 Were all alike divine:—

Dependent on thy bounteous breath,  
 We seek thy grace alone,  
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
 To keep us still thine own!

Reginald Heber.

P. M.

*The Divine Call.*

We hear the heavenly voice,  
 That bids us forward move ;  
 And make its call our choice,  
 Our labor, and our love.  
 White fields demand  
 The reaper's pains ;  
 And dark-brown plains  
 The sower's hand.

The sickle and the seed  
 Still own one Sovereign Lord ;  
 He gives the means we need,  
 And we but plant his word.  
 The laborer's skill,  
 And sun and rain,  
 And store of grain,  
 Abide his will.

Go with us, Lord, we pray !  
 Or we are left alone ;—  
 Poor wanderers from thy way,  
 And aliens in our own.  
 The humble heart,  
 The fervid soul,  
 And faith all whole,  
 O God ! impart.

N. L. F.

L. M.

*Mysterious soul.*

Mysterious soul ! thou wondrous power  
Not compassed by the passing hour ;  
But boundless, unconfined and free,  
This earth is not a home for thee.

No orb's thy home ! thou soar'st away  
Beyond light's farthest piercing ray ;  
On through the boundless realms of space,  
Immensity's thy dwelling place !

Mysterious soul ! thy course sublime  
Not fettered is by years of time ;  
Nor past nor future limits thee—  
Thou livest in eternity !

Thou need'st no passport for the tomb,  
No light to guide thee through its gloom ;  
For thou art life and light combined—  
A ray of the eternal mind !

James Morgan.

7s M.

*To the Prodigal Son.*

Brother, hast thou wandered far  
From thy Father's happy home,  
With thyself and God at war?  
Turn thee, brother, homeward come.

Hast thou wasted all the powers  
God for noble uses gave?  
Squandered life's most golden hours?  
Turn thee, brother; God can save.

Is a mighty famine now  
In thy heart and in thy soul?  
Discontent upon thy brow?  
Turn thee, God will make thee whole.

Fall before him on the ground,  
Pour thy sorrow in his ear  
Seek him, for he may be found  
Call upon him; he is near.

James Freeman Clarke.

8 & 7s M.

*God our Home.*

As the lost who vainly wander,  
 As the blind who widely roam,  
 Vexed with doubt, our spirits ponder,  
 Till we come to thee—our home.

As the mother fond watch keepeth,  
 As the shepherd knows his sheep,  
 So thine eye that never sleepeth  
 All thine own in sight doth keep.

As the wave is lost in ocean,  
 As the day star melts in light,  
 Draw to thee each wavering motion,  
 Thou whose coming ends our night.

Eliza Scudder.

10s M.

*The Broken Shield.*

O, send me not away ! for I would drink,  
Even I, the weakest, at the fount of life ;  
Chide not my steps, that venture near the brink,  
Weary and fainting from the deadly strife.

Went I not forth undaunted and alone,  
Strong in the majesty of human might ?  
Lo ! I return, all wounded and forlorn,  
My dream of glory lost in shades of night.

Was I not girded for the battle field ?  
Bore I not helm of pride and glittering sword ?  
Behold the fragments of my broken shield,  
And lend to me thy heavenly armor, Lord !

Anonymous.

L M.

*"I will arise and go to my Father."*

To thine eternal arms, O God,  
Take us, thine erring children, in ;  
From dangerous paths too boldly trod,  
From wandering thoughts and dreams of sin.

Those arms were round our childish ways,  
A guard through helpless years to be ;  
O, leave not our maturer days,  
We still are helpless without thee !

We trusted hope and pride and strength ;  
Our strength proved false, our pride was vain,  
Our dreams have faded all at length,—  
We come to thee, O Lord, again !

A guide to trembling steps to be !  
Give us of thine eternal powers !  
So shall our paths all lead to thee,  
And life smile on, like childhood's hours.

Thomas W. Higginson.

7s M. 6 lines.

*God our Help.*

When arise the thoughts of sin ;  
 When the world our hearts would win ;  
 When, to selfish pleasure given,  
 Droops the love that blooms for heaven,—  
 Lord, we would remember thee,  
 Thou wilt our Redeemer be.

When, with footsteps faint and slow,  
 Duty's upward path we go ;  
 When, by toils and hardship pressed,  
 Round we turn to look for rest,—  
 Lord, we would remember thee,  
 Thou our Guide and Strength wilt be.

When the way grows dark and drear ;  
 When, beset by doubt and fear,  
 We can see no beam of light  
 Struggling through the thickening night,—  
 Lord, we would remember thee,  
 Thou our Comforter wilt be.

William Gaskell.

C. M.

*Consecration.*

O God whose law is in the sky,  
Whose light is on the sea,  
Who livest in the human heart,  
We give ourselves to thee.  
In love that binds mankind in one,  
That serves all those in need,  
Whose law is helpful sympathy,  
In this we're thine indeed.

In fearless world-wide search for truth,  
Whatever form it wear,  
Or crown, or cross, or fame, or blame,  
We thine ourselves declare.  
To truth, to love, to duty, then,  
Wherever we may be,  
We give ourselves! and doing this,  
We give ourselves to thee.

Minot J. Savage.

8 &amp; 7s M.

*Dedication to God.*

Holy Father, thou hast taught me  
I should live to thee alone ;  
Year by year, thy hand hath brought me  
On through dangers oft unknown.  
When I wandered thou hast found me ;  
When I doubted, sent me light ;  
Still thine arm has been around me,  
All my paths were in thy sight.

I would trust in thy protecting,  
Wholly rest upon thine arm,  
Follow wholly thy directing,  
Thou mine only guard from harm !  
Keep me from mine own undoing,  
Help me turn to thee when tried,  
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,  
Keep me ever at thy side !

Anonymous.

L. M.

*Submission.*

O God, mine eyes and ears unseal  
To see thine angels ever near,  
And hear their voices ; may I feel  
Nor rebel pride, nor slavish fear.

I bless thee for the holy joys  
Thy grace has taught my glowing heart ;  
Henceforth thy will be all my choice,—  
I could not choose a better part.

Each dearest hope, each anxious fear,  
My fondest longings, I would still ;  
I lay them on thine altar here,  
And only seek to do thy will.

Thomas Hill.

C. M.

*God, the author of peace.*

Whene'er along the shore we wind,  
And view the ocean roll ;  
How true an emblem may we find  
Of man's perturbed soul !

But thou, great Spirit, who along  
The waters first didst move ;  
And straight from warring chaos sprung  
Light, harmony, and love !

O passion's ruder storm control ;  
Bid mental discord cease ;  
And breathe upon the troubled soul  
Thy last, best, gift of peace.

Leeds Coll. (Independent.)

Hill.

8 &amp; 7s M.

*The Purpose of Life.*

Hast thou, 'midst life's empty noises,  
Heard the solemn steps of time,  
And the low, mysterious voices  
Of another clime ?

Early hath life's mighty question  
Thrilled within thy heart of youth,  
With a deep and strong beseeching,—  
What, and where, is truth ?

Not to ease and aimless quiet  
Doth the inward answer tend ;  
But to works of love and duty,  
As our being's end ;

Earnest toil and strong endeavor  
Of a spirit, which within,  
Wrestles with familiar evil  
And besetting sin ;

And without, with tireless vigor,  
Steady heart, and purpose strong,  
In the power of truth assaileth  
Every form of wrong.

John G. Whittier.

## 8 &amp; 7s M.

*The Conflict of Life.*

Onward, onward, though the region  
Where thou art be drear and lone ;  
God hath set a guardian legion  
Very near thee,—press thou on !

Upward, upward ! Their Hosanna  
Rolleth o'er thee, God is Love !  
All around thy red-cross banner  
Streams the radiance from above.

By the thorn-road and none other,  
Is the mount of vision won ;  
Tread it without shrinking, brother !  
Jesus trod it,—press thou on !

By thy trustful, calm endeavor,  
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,  
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver ;  
O, for their sake, press thou on !

Be this world the wiser, stronger,  
For thy life of pain and peace ;  
While it needs thee, O, no longer  
Pray thou for thy quick release ;

Pray thou, undisheartened, rather,  
That thou be a faithful son ;  
By the prayer of Jesus,—“Father,  
Not my will, but Thine, be done!”

Samuel Johnson.

7s M.

*Kind affections an acceptable offering.*

Father of our feeble race,  
 Wise, beneficent, and kind!  
 Spread o'er nature's ample face,  
 Flows thy goodness unconfined:  
 Musing in the silent grove,  
 Or the busy walks of men,  
 Still we trace thy wondrous love,  
 Claiming large returns again.

Lord! what offering shali we bring  
 At thine altars when we bow?  
 Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring  
 Whence the kind affections flow;  
 Soft compassion's feeling soul,  
 By the melting eye expressed;  
 Sympathy, at whose control  
 Sorrow leaves the wounded breast:

Willing hands to lead the blind,  
 Bind the wounded, feed the poor;  
 Love, embracing all our kind,  
 Charity, with liberal store.  
 Teach us, O thou heavenly King!  
 Thus to show our grateful mind,  
 Thus the accepted offering bring,  
 Love to thee, and all mankind.

John Taylor.

C. M.

*Sympathy.*

Behold where, breathing love divine,  
 Our dying Master stands !  
 His weeping followers, gathering round,  
 Receive his last commands :

“ Blest is the man whose softening heart  
 Feels all another's pain,  
 To whom the supplicating eye  
 Was never raised in vain :

Whose breast expands with generous warmth  
 A stranger's woes to feel,  
 And bleeds in pity o'er the wound  
 He wants the power to heal :

He spreads his kind supporting arms  
 To every child of grief,  
 His secret bounty largely flows  
 And brings unasked relief :

To gentle offices of love  
 His feet are never slow ;  
 He views through mercy's melting eye  
 A brother in a foe.

Peace from the bosom of his God,  
 My peace to him I give ;  
 And when he kneels before the throne,  
 His trembling soul shall live.”

Anna L. Barbould.

C. M.

*Acquiescence in the divine will.*

Author of good ! to thee I turn :  
Thy ever-wakeful eye  
Alone can all my wants discern,  
Thy hand alone supply.

O let thy fear within me dwell,  
Thy love my footsteps guide ;  
That love shall vainer loves expel,  
That fear all fears beside.

And since, by passion's force subdued,  
Too oft, with stubborn will,  
We blindly shun the latent good,  
And grasp the specious ill ;

Not to my wish, but to my want,  
Do thou thy gifts supply ;  
The good unasked in mercy grant ;  
The ill, though asked, deny.

James Merrick.

C. M.

*A Song of Faith.*

We pray no more, made lowly wise  
For miracle and sign;  
Anoint our eyes to see within  
The common, the divine.

We turn from seeking thee afar  
And in unwonted ways,  
To build from out our daily lives  
The temples of thy praise.

And if thy casual comings, Lord,  
To hearts of old were dear,  
What joy shall dwell within the faith  
That feels thee ever near!

And nobler yet shall duty grow,  
And more shall worship be,  
When thou art found in all our life,  
And all our life in thee.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

C. M.

*The City of God.*

In thee my powers, my treasures, live,  
To thee my life must tend ;  
Giving thyself, thou all dost give,  
O soul-sufficing Friend !

And wherefore should I seek above,  
The city in the sky,  
Since firm in faith, and deep in love,  
Its broad foundations lie ?

Since in a life of peace and prayer,  
Nor known on earth nor praised,  
By humblest toil, by ceaseless care,  
Its holy towers are raised.

Where pain the soul hath purified,  
And penitence hath shriven,  
And truth is crowned and glorified,  
There—only there—is heaven !

Eliza Scudder.

S. M.

*Seeing him who is invisible.*

Teach me, my God and King,  
Thy will in all to see :  
And what I do in anything,  
To do it as for thee !

To scorn the senses' sway,  
While still to thee I tend :  
In all I do, be thou the way,  
In all, be thou the end.

All may of thee partake :  
Nothing so small can be  
But draws, when acted for thy sake,  
Greatness and worth from thee.

If done beneath thy laws  
E'en servile labors shine ;  
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause ;  
The meanest work, divine.

After George Herbert.

7s M.

*More Life.*

Father of our spirits ! hear  
Faith's effectual, fervent prayer :  
Hear, and our petitions seal ;  
Let us now the answer feel.

Life of all that lives below !  
Let thy spirit in us flow ;  
Let us all Thy life receive,  
From thee, in thee, ever live.

O, for fuller life we pine ;  
Let us more receive of thine :  
Still for more on thee we call,  
Thou who fillest all in all !

Live we now in thee ; be fed  
Daily with the living bread  
Into thee our spirits grow ;  
Into us thy spirit flow ;

While we feel the vital blood,  
While Thy full and quickening flood  
Through life's every channel rolls,  
Soul of all believing souls !

A nonymous.

C. M.

*Seeking God Everywhere.*

O Saints of old ! not yours alone  
The search for God shall be ;  
We take the glory for our own ;  
Lord ! we are seeking thee.

Not only when ascends the song  
And soundeth sweet the word ;  
Not only with the Sabbath throng,  
Our souls would seek the Lord :

We mingle with another throng,  
And other words we speak ;  
To other business we belong,  
Yet still our Lord we seek.

We would not to our daily task  
Without our God repair,  
But in the world his presence ask,  
And seek his glory there.

Oh, everywhere, oh, every day,  
Thy grace is still outpoured :  
We work, we watch, we strive, we pray,  
Behold thy seekers, Lord !

Thomas H. Gill.

8 &amp; 7s M.

*The Prayer of Life.*

Father hear the prayer we offer !  
Not for ease that prayer shall be,  
But for strength that we may ever  
Live our lives courageously.

Not forever in green pastures  
Do we ask our way to be ;  
But the steep and rugged pathway  
May we tread rejoicingly.

Not forever by still waters  
Would we idly quiet stay ;  
But would smite the living fountains  
From the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness,  
In our wanderings, be our guide ;  
Through endeavor, failure, danger,  
Father, be thou at our side !

Anonymous.

S. M.

*It is nigh thee, in thy Heart.*

Say not the law divine  
Is hidden far from thee :  
That heavenly law within may shine  
And there its brightness be.

Soar not, my soul, on high,  
To bring it down to earth :  
No star within the vaulted sky  
Is of such priceless worth.

Thou need'st not launch thy bark  
Upon a shoreless sea,  
Breasting its waves to find the ark,  
To bring this dove to thee.

Cease, then, my soul, to roam ;  
Thy wanderings all are vain :  
That holy word is found at home,  
Within thy heart its reign.

Bernard Barton.

L. M.

*"Followers of God, as dear children."*

We follow, Lord, where thou dost lead,  
And, quickened, would ascend to thee,  
Redeemed from sin, set free indeed  
Into thy glorious liberty.

We cast behind fear, sin, and death ;  
With thee we seek the things above :  
Our inmost souls thy Spirit breathe,  
Of power, of calmness, and of love.

The power, 'mid worldliness and sin,  
To do, in all, our Father's will ;  
With thee, the victory to win,  
And bid each tempting voice be still :

The calmness perfect faith inspires,  
Which waiteth patiently and long :  
The love which faileth not, nor tires,  
Triumphant over every wrong.

Thus through thy quickening Spirit, Lord,  
Thy perfect life in us reveal,  
And help us, as we live to God,  
Still more and more with man to feel.

Anonymous.

L. M.

*The Hope of Man.*

The Past is dark with sin and shame,  
The Future dim with doubt and fear ;  
But, Father, yet we praise thy name,  
Whose guardian love is always near.

For man has striven, ages long,  
With faltering steps to come to thee,  
And in each purpose high and strong  
The influence of thy grace could see.

He could not breathe an earnest prayer,  
But thou wast kinder than he dreamed ;  
As age by age brought hopes more fair,  
And nearer still thy kingdom seemed.

But never rose within his breast  
A trust so calm and deep as now ;  
Shall not the weary find a rest ?  
Father, Preserver, answer thou !

'Tis dark around, 'tis dark above,  
But through the shadow streams the sun ;  
We cannot doubt thy certain love ;  
And man's true aim shall yet be won !

Thomas W. Higginson.

C. M.

*"To-day, if ye will hear His voice."*

Our God ! our God ! Thou shinest here ;  
 Thine own this latter day ;  
 To us thy radiant steps appear ;  
 Here leads thy glorious way !

We shine not only with the light  
 Thou did'st shed down of yore ;  
 On us thou streamest strong and bright ;  
 Thy comings are not o'er.

The fathers had not all of thee ;  
 New births are in thy grace ;  
 All open to our souls shall be  
 Thy glory's hiding-place.

We gaze on thy outgoings bright,  
 Down cometh thy full power ;  
 We, the glad bearers of thy light ;  
 This, this thy saving hour !

On us thy spirit hast thou poured ;  
 To us thy word has come ;  
 We feel, we bless, thy quickening, Lord !  
 Thou shalt not find us dumb.

Thou comest near ; thou standest by ;  
 Our work begins to shine ;  
 Thou dwellest with us mightily,—  
 On come the years divine !

Thomas H. Gill.

S. M.

*The reformer's vow.*

God of the earnest heart,  
 The trust assured and still,  
 Thou who our strength forever art,—  
 We come to do thy will.

Upon that painful road  
 By saints serenely trod,  
 Whereon their hallowing influence flowed,  
 Would we go forth, O God !

'Gainst doubt and shame and fear  
 In human heart to strive,  
 That all may learn to love and bear,  
 To conquer self, and live ;

To draw thy blessing down,  
 And bring the wronged redress,  
 And give this glorious world its crown  
 The Spirit's Godlikeness.

No dreams from toil to charm,  
 No trembling on the tongue,—  
 Lord, in thy rest may we be calm,  
 Through thy completeness, strong !

Thou hearest while we pray ;  
 O deep within us write,  
 With kindling power, our God, to-day,  
 Thy word,—'On earth be light !'

Samuel Johnson.

S. M.

*For the gifts of the Spirit.*

Send down thy truth, O God !  
Too long the shadows frown ;  
Too long the darkened way we've trod ;  
Thy truth, O Lord, send down !

Send down thy Spirit free,  
Till wilderness and town  
One temple for thy worship be :  
Thy Spirit, oh, send down !

Send down thy love, thy life,  
Our lesser lives to crown,  
And cleanse them of their hate and strife :  
Thy living love send down !

Send down thy peace, O Lord !  
Earth's bitter voices drown  
In one deep ocean of accord :  
Thy peace, O God, send down !

Edward R. Sill.

## L M

*Old and New.*

Oh, sometimes gleams upon our sight,  
Through present wrong, the eternal Right  
And step by step, since time began,  
We see the steady gain of man ;

That all of good the past hath had  
Remains to make our own time glad,  
Our common, daily life divine,  
And every land a Palestine.

Through the harsh noises of our day,  
A low, sweet prelude finds its way ;  
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,  
A light is breaking calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more  
For olden time and holier shore :  
God's love and blessing, then and there,  
Are now and here and everywhere.

John G Whittier.

C. M.

*Human Brotherhood.*

All men are equal in their birth,  
 Heirs of the earth and skies :  
 All men are equal when that earth  
 Fades from their dying eyes.

All wait alike on him whose power  
 Upholds the life he gave ;  
 The sage within his star-lit tower,  
 The savage in his cave.

God meets the throngs who pay their vows  
 In courts their hands have made ;  
 And hears the worshipper who bows  
 Beneath the plantain shade.

'Tis man alone who difference sees  
 And speaks of high and low,  
 And worships those, and tramples these,  
 While the same path they go.

Oh let man hasten to restore  
 To all their rights of love ;  
 In power and wealth exult no more  
 In wisdom lowly move.

Ye great, renounce your earth-born pride !  
 Ye low, your shame and fear !  
 Live, as ye worship, side by side ;  
 Your brotherhood revere !

Harriet Martineau.

7 &amp; 6s M.

*To Truth.*

O Star of Truth, down shining  
 Through clouds of doubt and fear,  
 I ask but 'neath your guidance  
 My pathway may appear.  
 However long the journey,  
 How hard soe'er it be,  
 Though I be lone and weary,  
 Lead on, I'll follow thee!

I know thy blessed radiance  
 Can never lead astray,  
 However ancient custom  
 May tread some other way.  
 E'en if through untrod deserts  
 Or over trackless sea,  
 Though I be lone and weary,  
 Lead on, I'll follow thee!

The bleeding feet of martyrs  
 Thy toilsome road have trod :  
 But fires of human passion  
 May light the way to God.  
 Then, though my feet should falter,  
 While I thy beams can see,  
 Though I be lone and weary,  
 Lead on, I'll follow thee!

Minot J. Savage.

7s M.

*Life of Ages.*

Life of Ages, richly poured,  
 Love of God, unspent and free,  
 Flowing in the prophet's word  
 And the people's liberty.

Never was to chosen race,  
 That unstinted tide confined ;  
 Thine is every time and place,  
 Fountain sweet of heart and mind !

Breathing in the thinker's creed,  
 Pulsing in the hero's blood,  
 Nerving simplest thought and deed,  
 Freshening time with truth and good ;

Consecrating art and song,  
 Holy book and pilgrim track ;  
 Hurling floods of tyrant wrong  
 From the sacred limits back.

Life of Ages, richly poured,  
 Love of God, unspent and free,  
 Flow still in the prophet's word  
 And the people's liberty !

Samuel Johnson.

C. M.

*Brightening unto the perfect day.*

Gone is the hollow, murky night,  
 With all its shadows dun ;  
 O shine upon us, heavenly light,  
 As on the earth the sun !

Pour on our hearts thy heavenly beam,  
 In radiance divine ;  
 Retire before that ray supreme,  
 Ye sins of elder time !

Lo, on the morn, that now is here  
 No night shall ever fall ;  
 But faith shall burn, undimmed and clear,  
 Till God be all in all.

This is the dawn of infant faith ;  
 The day will follow soon,  
 When hope shall breathe with freer breath,  
 And morn be lost in noon.

For to the seed that's sown to-day  
 A harvest time is given,  
 When charity with faith to stay  
 Shall make on earth a heaven.

Breviary.

C. M

*The Church Universal.*

One holy Church of God appears  
Through every age and race,  
Unwasted by the lapse of years,  
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,  
Beneath the pine or palm,  
One unseen presence she adores,  
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,  
To serve the world raised up ;  
The pure in heart her baptized ones,  
Love, her communion-cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,  
The soul her sacred page ;  
And feet on mercy's errands swift  
Do make her pilgrimage.

Samuel Longfellow.

C. M.

*The City of God.*

City of God, how broad and far  
 Outspread thy walls sublime !  
 The true thy chartered freemen are,  
 Of every age and clime.

One holy church, one army strong,  
 One steadfast high intent,  
 One working band, one harvest song,  
 One King Omnipotent.

How purely hath thy speech come down  
 From man's primeval youth !  
 How grandly hath thine empire grown  
 Of Freedom, Love, and Truth !

How gleam thy watchfires through the night,  
 With never fainting ray !  
 How rise thy towers, serene and bright,  
 To meet the dawning day !

In vain the surge's angry shock,  
 In vain the drifting sands ;  
 Unharm'd, upon the Eternal Rock,  
 The Eternal City stands.

Samuel Johnson.

S. M.

*"Thy Kingdom come."*

Come, kingdom of our God,  
 Sweet reign of light and love !  
 Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,  
 And wisdom from above.

Over our spirits first  
 Extend thy healing reign ;  
 There raise and quench the sacred thirst,  
 That never pains again.

Come, kingdom of our God !  
 And make the broad earth thine,  
 Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod  
 That flowers with grace divine.

Soon may all tribes be blest  
 With fruit from life's glad tree ;  
 And in its shade like brothers rest,  
 Sons of one family.

John Johns.

7 &amp; 6s M.

*God our reliance.*

God is my strong salvation,  
 What foe have I to fear?  
 In darkness and temptation,  
 My light, my help is near:  
 Though hosts encamp around me,  
 Firm to the fight I stand;  
 What terror can confound me,  
 With God at my right hand?

Place on the Lord reliance;  
 My soul with courage wait;  
 His truth be thine affiance,  
 When faint and desolate;  
 His might thy heart shall strengthen,  
 His love thy joy increase;  
 Mercy thy days shall lengthen;  
 The Lord will give thee peace.

James Montgomery.

8 &amp; 7s M.

*Coming of God's Kingdom.*

How shall come thy kingdom holy,  
 In which all the earth is blest,  
 That shall lift on high the lowly,  
 And to weary souls give rest?  
 Not with trumpet call of legions  
 Bursting through the upper sky,  
 Waking earth through all its regions  
 With their heaven-descending cry:

Not with dash or sudden sally,  
 Swooping down with rushing wing  
 But as, creeping up the valley,  
 Come the grasses in the spring:  
 First one blade and then another,  
 Still advancing are they seen.  
 Rank on rank, each by its brother,  
 Till each inch of ground is green.

Through the weary days of sowing,  
 Burning sun, and drenching shower,  
 Day by day, so slowly growing,  
 Comes the waited harvest hour.  
 So the kingdom cometh ever,  
 Though it seem so far away;  
 Each bright thought and true endeavor  
 Hastens on the blessed day.

Minot J. Savage.

C. M.

*The stream of Faith.*

From heart to heart, from creed to creed,  
 The hidden river runs,  
 It quickens all the ages down,  
 It binds the sires to sons,—  
 The stream of Faith whose source is God,  
 Whose sound, the sound of prayer,  
 Whose meadows are the holy lives  
 Upspringing everywhere.

Oh, deep it flowed in olden time,  
 When men by it were strong  
 To dare to tame the desert land,  
 Charmed on as by a song;  
 And where they passed by hill or shore,  
 They gave the song a voice,  
 Till all the wilderness had heard  
 The Fathers' faith rejoice.

And still it moves, a broadening flood;  
 And fresher, fuller grows  
 A sense as if the sea were near,  
 Towards which the river flows.  
 O Thou, who art the secret source  
 That rises in each soul,  
 Thou art the ocean too,—thy charm,  
 That ever-deepening roll!

William C. Gannett.

C. M.

*God's Messengers.*

Fair are the feet that bring the news  
Of gladness unto me ;  
How many messengers God hath,  
If we had eyes to see !

Thine angels speak ; but still we must  
The hearing ear bestow ;  
They smite the rock ; but our own lips  
Must stoop to drink the flow.

Lo, all things are thine angels, Lord,  
That bring us near to thee :  
O for the ear to hear their word !  
O for the eye to see !

Anonymous.

11 &amp; 10s M.

*Peace on Earth.*

Peace, peace on earth ! the heart of man  
forever

Through all these weary strifes foretells  
the day ;

Blessed be God, the hope forsakes him  
never,

That war shall cease and swords be  
sheathed for aye.

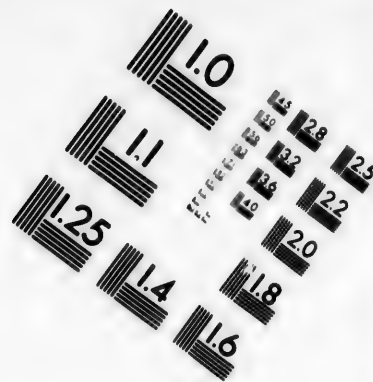
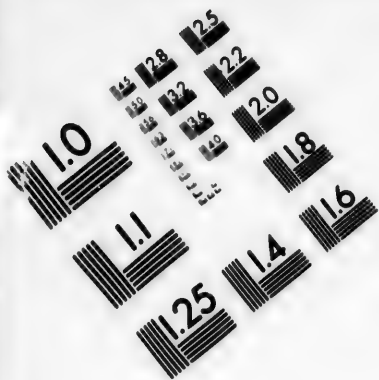
Peace, peace on earth ! for men shall  
love each other,

Hosts shall go forth to bless and not  
destroy ;

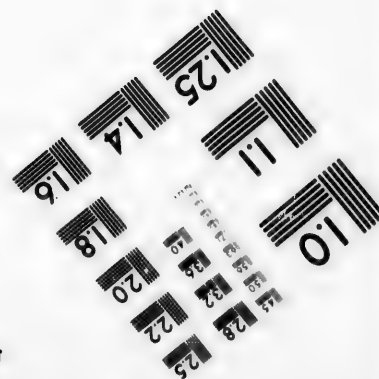
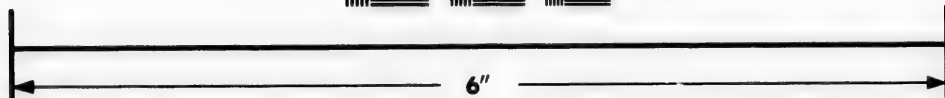
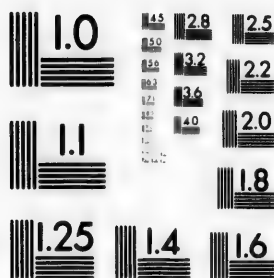
For man shall see in every man a  
brother,

And peace on earth fulfil the angel's  
joy.

Samuel Longfellow.



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C. M.

*A Song for Easter.*

In childhood ever lies enshrined  
A pure and priceless gem ;  
But men of yore were hard and blind,  
And it was nought to them.

The Saviour claimed it as his own,  
And saw his kingdom there ;  
Each soul was fit to grace the crown  
More rich than monarchs wear.

Keep not the little ones from me,  
But let them come, He said ;  
The Man of Sorrows smiled to see  
The children towards him led.

That smile has been, the ages since,  
Glad sunshine to the young ;  
And still where rides the lowly Prince,  
Hosannas new are sung.

With resurrection joy, to-day,  
The Conqueror's face is bright ;  
While Easter throngs, in vast array,  
Fulfil his sweet delight.

In every child, oh, teach us, Lord,  
Thy holy self to see ;  
And let our love have this reward ;—  
“ Ye did it unto me.”

Alfred P. Putnam.

S. M.

*Sowing and reaping.*

Sow in the morn thy seed,  
At eve hold not thy hand ;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed.  
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,  
The highway furrows stock,  
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,  
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,  
Expect not here nor there ;  
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found,  
Go forth, then, everywhere.

And duly shall appear,  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain :  
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain,  
For garners in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,  
The day of God is come,  
The angel-reapers shall descend,  
And heaven cry—" Harvest home !"

James Montgomery.

## 7s M.

*"Give us day by day our daily bread."*

Day by day the manna fell :  
O to learn this lesson well !  
Still by constant mercy fed,  
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

"Day by day," the promise reads ;  
Daily strength for daily needs :  
Cast foreboding fears away ;  
Take the manna of to-day.

Lord ! my times are in thy hand :  
All my sanguine hopes have planned  
To thy wisdom I resign,  
And would make thy purpose mine.

Thou my daily task shalt give :  
Day by day to thee I live :  
So shall added years fulfil,  
Not my own, my Father's will.

Fond ambition, whisper not ;  
Happy is my humble lot :  
Anxious, busy cares, away ;  
I'm provided for to-day.

O to live exempt from care,  
By the energy of prayer ;  
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,  
Yet elate with gratitude !

Josiah Conder.

C. M.

*The thought of God.*

One thought I have, my ample creed,  
 So deep it is and broad,  
 And equal to my every need,—  
 It is the thought of God.

Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise,  
 I feast at life's full board ;  
 And rising in my inner skies,  
 Shines forth the thought of God.

At night my gladness is my prayer ;  
 I drop my daily load,  
 And every care is pillowed there  
 Upon the thought of God.

I ask not far before to see,  
 But take in trust my road ;  
 Life, death, and immortality  
 Are in my thought of God.

To this their secret strength they owe'd  
 The martyr's path who trod ;  
 The fountains of their patience flowed  
 From out their thought of God.

Be still the light upon my way,  
 My pilgrim staff and rod,  
 My rest by night, my strength by day,  
 O blessed thought of God.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

10s M.

*Confidence in God.*

God our kind Master, merciful as just,  
Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust ;  
His spirit, ever brooding o'er our mind,  
Sees the first wish to better hopes inclined.

His ears are open to the softest cry ;  
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye ;  
He reads the language of a silent tear,  
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.

From each terrestrial bondage set me free ;  
Still every wish that centres not in thee ;  
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,  
And point my path to everlasting peace.

If, friendless, in a vale of tears I stray,  
Where briers wound, and thorns perplex my way,  
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,  
And with strong confidence lay hold on thee ;

With equal eye my various lot receive,  
Resigned to die, or resolute to live ;  
Prepared to kiss the sceptre, or the rod,  
While God is seen in all, and all in God.

Adapted from Anna L. Barbauld.

L. M.

*God everywhere.*

Father and Friend, thy light, thy love,  
 Beaming through all thy works, we see ;  
 Thy glory gilds the heavens above,  
 And all the earth is full of thee.

Thy voice we hear, thy presence feel,  
 Whilst thou, too pure for mortal sight,  
 Involved in clouds, invisible,  
 Reignest the Lord of life and light.

We know not in what hallowed part  
 Of the wide heavens thy throne may be :  
 But this we know,—that where thou art,  
 Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with thee.

And through the various maze of time,  
 And through th' infinity of space,  
 We follow thy career sublime,  
 And all thy wondrous footsteps trace.

Thy children shall not faint nor fear,  
 Sustained by this delightful thought,—  
 Since thou, their God, art everywhere,  
 They cannot be where thou art not.

Sir John Bowring.

S. M.

*"Cast thy Burden upon the Lord."*

How gentle God's commands !  
How kind his precepts are !  
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,  
And trust his constant care.

His bounty will provide ;  
Ye shall securely dwell ;  
The hand that bears creation up,  
Shall guard his children well.

Oh, why should anxious thought,  
Press down your weary mind ?  
Come, seek your heavenly Father's face,  
And peace and gladness find.

His goodness stands for all,  
Unchanged from day to day ;  
We'll drop our burden at his feet,  
And bear a song away.

Philip Doddridge.

S. M.

*Blest be thy love, dear Lord.*

Blest be thy love, dear Lord,  
 That taught us this sweet way,  
 Only to love thee for thyself,  
 And for that love obey.

O Thou, our soul's chief hope !  
 We to thy mercy fly ;  
 Where'er we are, thou canst protect,  
 Whate'er we need, supply.

Whether we sleep or wake,  
 To thee we both resign ;  
 By night we see, as well as day,  
 If thy light on us shine.

Whether we live or die,  
 Both we submit to thee ;  
 In death we live, as well as life,  
 If thine in death we be.

John Austin.

L. M.

*Perfect peace.*

In quiet hours the tranquil soul  
 Reflects the beauty of the sky :  
 No passions rise or billows roll,  
 And only God and heaven are nigh.

The tides of being ebb and flow,  
 Creating peace without alloy :  
 A sacred happiness we know,  
 Too high for mirth, too deep for joy.

Like birds that slumber on the sea,  
 Unconscious where the current runs,  
 We rest on God's infinity  
 Of bliss, that circles stars and suns.

His perfect peace has swept from sight  
 The narrow bounds of time and space,  
 And, looking up with still delight  
 We catch the glory of his face.

(Behold,)

Augusta Larned.

L. M.

*Faith's repose.*

Father, beneath thy sheltering wing  
 In sweet security we rest !  
 And fear no evil earth can bring,  
 In life, in death, supremely blest.

For life is good, whose tidal flow  
 The motions of thy will obeys ;  
 And death is good, that makes us know  
 The life divine that all things sways.

And good it is to bear the cross,  
 And so thy perfect peace to win ;  
 And naught is ill, nor brings us loss,  
 Nor works us harm, save only sin.

Redeemed from this, we ask no more,  
 But trust the love that saves to guide ;  
 The grace, that yields so rich a store,  
 Will grant us all we need beside.

William H. Burleigh.

L. M.

*The allotments of life, divine.*

Through all the various shifting scene  
Of life's mistaken ill or good,  
Thy hand, O God, conducts unseen  
The beautiful vicissitude.

Thou givest with a Father's care,  
Howe'er unjustly we complain,  
To each his necessary share  
O joy and sorrow, health and pain.

All things on earth, and all in heaven,  
On thy eternal will depend :  
And all for greater good were given,  
Would man pursue the appointed end.

Be this my care ; to all beside  
Indifferent let my wishes be :  
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,  
And fixed my soul, great God, on thee !

Samuel Collett.

C. M.

*Filial trust.*

I know not if beyond the blue  
And overarching sky,  
A home of perfect love and peace  
Awaits me when I die ;

Where sin and sorrow are no more,  
And where all hearts oppressed  
May lay their heavy burdens down,  
And find eternal rest :

But this I know, that God is love,  
He lives and cares for all ;  
Our souls are his, our bodies too ;  
He guards us, great and small.

Conscious that he is wise and good,  
No doubt my heart shall fill ;  
In life or death he is our God,  
And so I trust him still.

Martha Martin.

C. M.

*Gratitude and resignation.*

When I survey life's varied scene,—  
 Amid the darkest hours,  
 Sweet rays of comfort shine between,  
 And thorns are mixed with flowers.

Are health and ease my happy share ?  
 O may I bless my God !  
 Thy kindness let my songs declare,  
 And spread thy praise abroad.

While such delightful gifts as these  
 Are kindly dealt to me,  
 Be all my hours of health and ease  
 Devoted, Lord, to thee.

And O, whate'er of earthly bliss  
 Thy sovereign hand denies,  
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,  
 Let this petition rise ;—

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
 From every murmur free ;  
 The blessings of thy grace impart,  
 And make me live to thee.

Anne Steele.

C. M.

*Filial trust.*

My God, my Father! blissful name  
O may I call thee mine!  
May I with sweet assurance claim  
A portion so divine!

This only can my fears control,  
And bid my sorrows fly:  
What harm can ever reach my soul  
Beneath my Father's eye?

Whate'er thy providence denies  
I calmly would resign;  
For thou art just, and good, and wise;  
O bend my will to thine.

Whate'er thy sacred will ordains  
O give me strength to bear;  
And let me know my Father reigns,  
And trust his tender care.

Thy sovereign ways are all unknown  
To my weak, erring sight;  
Yet let my soul, adoring, own  
That all thy ways are right.

Anne Steele.

C. H. M.

*Looking unto God.*

I look to thee in every need,  
And never look in vain;  
I feel thy strong and tender love,  
And all is well again;  
The thought of thee is mightier far  
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,  
Disheartened by its load,  
Shamed by its failures or its fears,  
I sink beside the road;—  
But let me only think of thee,  
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,  
My restlessness to still;  
Around me flows thy quickening life,  
To nerve my faltering will;  
Thy presence fills my solitude;  
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in thy dear love,  
Held in thy law, I stand;  
Thy hand in all things I behold,  
And all things in thy hand;  
Thou ledest me by unsought ways,  
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

Samuel Longfellow.

7 &amp; 6s M.

*Heavenly Love.*

In heavenly love abiding,  
 No change my heart shall fear ;  
 And safe is such confiding,  
 For nothing changes here.  
 The storm may roar without me,  
 My heart may low be laid,  
 But God is round about me,  
 And can I be dismayed ?

Wherever he may guide me,  
 No want shall turn me back :  
 My Shepherd is beside me,  
 And nothing can I lack.  
 His wisdom ever waketh ;  
 His sight is never dim ;  
 He knows the way he taketh,  
 And I will walk with him.

Green pastures are before me,  
 Which yet I have not seen ;  
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me  
 Where darkest clouds have been.  
 My hope I cannot measure,  
 My path to life is free,  
 My Father has my treasure,  
 And he will walk with me.

Anna L. Waring.

C. M.

*"Peace like a river."*

Give me a heart of calm repose  
Amid the world's loud roar  
A life that like a river flows,  
Along a peaceful shore.

I would roll onward to the deep,  
In brightness, not in foam ;  
And 'mid earth's noise in stillness keep  
My soul's interior home.

Come, Holy Spirit, hush my heart  
With gentleness divine ;  
Indwelling peace thou canst impart,  
Oh, make the blessing mine !

Above the scenes of storm and strife,  
There spreads a region fair ;  
Give me to live that higher life  
And breathe that purer air.

Allay this feverish, restless mood,  
Arrest life's eager chase,  
And quench the thirst for earthly good  
With thy bedewing grace !

Come, Holy Spirit, breathe that peace  
Which flows from pardoned sin ;  
Then shall my soul her conflict cease,  
And find a heaven within.

Anonymous.

C. M.

*The manifold Grace of God.*

Thou Grace Divine, encircling all,  
 A shoreless, soundless sea,  
 Wherein at last our souls must fall :—  
 O Love of God most free !

When over dizzy heights we go,  
 One soft hand blinds our eyes,  
 The other leads us safe and slow,—  
 O Love of God, most wise !

And though we turn us from thy face,  
 And wander wide and long,  
 Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,—  
 O Love of God, most strong !

The saddened heart, the restless soul,  
 The toil-worn frame and mind,  
 Alike confess thy sweet control,—  
 O Love of God most kind !

But not alone thy care we claim,  
 Our wayward steps to win :  
 We know thee by a dearer name,—  
 O Love of God within !

And filled and quickened by thy breath,  
 Our souls are strong and free  
 To rise o'er sin and fear and death,  
 O Love of God, to thee !

Eliza Scudder.

L. M.

*Love of all.*

All Father ! when man's softened heart  
Is lifted up in thought to thee,  
When earthly bonds awhile depart,  
And leave the mounting spirit free ;

Oh may he feel his love, like thine,  
O'er all the realms of earth should flow,  
A shoreless stream, a flood divine,  
No lines of race or hue to know.

Not bound by party, caste, or creed,  
The narrow realm of self above,  
Enough that hearts of love have need,  
For us to own the dues of love.

Anonymous.

11 & 10s M.

*Brotherhood.*

O brother man ! fold to thy heart thy brother ;  
 Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there :  
 To worship rightly is to love each other,  
 Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example  
 Of him whose holy work was "doing good" ;  
 So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,  
 Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall ; the stormy clangor  
 Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease ;  
 Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,  
 And in its ashes plant the tree of peace !

John G. Whittier.

S. M.

*Still with thee.*

Still with thee, O my God !  
I would desire to be :  
By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
I would be still with thee :—

With thee, amid the crowd  
That throngs the busy mart,  
To hear thy voice, 'mid clamor loud,  
Speak softly to my heart :

With thee, when day is done,  
And evening calms the mind :  
The setting as the rising sun  
With thee my heart would find :

With thee, when darkness brings  
The signal of repose ;  
Calm in the shadow of thy wings  
Mine eyelids I would close :

With thee, in thee, by faith  
Abiding I would be ;  
By day, by night, in life, in death,  
I would be still with thee.

James D. Burns.

6s M.

*Thy way, not mine.*

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,  
However dark it be !  
Lead me by thine own hand,  
Choose out the path for me.

I dare not choose my lot :  
I would not, if I might ;  
Choose thou for me, my God,  
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek  
Is thine : so let the way  
That leads to it be thine,  
Else I must surely stray.

Take thou my cup, and it  
With joy or sorrow fill,  
As best to thee may seem ;  
Choose thou my good and ill.

Not mine, not mine the choice,  
In things or great or small ;  
Be thou my guide, my strength,  
My wisdom, and my all.

Horatius Bonar.

C. M.

*Calm me, my God.*

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,  
 Let thine outstretchèd wing  
 Be like the shade of Elim's palm  
 Beside her desert-spring.

Yes ; keep me calm, though loud and rude  
 The sounds my ear that greet ;  
 Calm in the closet's solitude,  
 Calm in the bustling street ;

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,  
 Calm in my hour of pain ;  
 Calm in my poverty or wealth,  
 Calm in my loss or gain ;

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,  
 Like him who bore my shame ;  
 Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,  
 Who hate thy holy name ;

Calm as the ray of sun or star  
 Which storms assail in vain,  
 Moving unruffled through earth's war  
 Th' eternal calm to gain.

Horatius Bonar.

L. M. 6 lines.

*Thy will be done.*

He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower,  
 Alike they're needful for the flower :  
 And joys and tears alike are sent  
 To give the soul fit nourishment :  
 As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
 Father ! thy will, not mine, be done.

Can loving children e'er reprove  
 With murmurs, whom they trust and love ?  
 Creator ! I would ever be  
 A trusting, loving child to thee :  
 As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
 Father ! thy will, not mine, be done.

Oh, ne'er will I at life repine ;  
 Enough that thou hast made it mine :  
 When falls the shadow cold of death,  
 I yet will sing, with parting breath,—  
 As comes to me or shade or sun,  
 Father ! thy will, not mine, be done.

Sarah Flower Adams.

S. M.

*"The pure in heart shall see God."*

Blest are the pure in heart,  
For they shall see our God :  
The secret of the Lord is theirs,  
Their soul is Christ's abode.

Still to the lowly soul  
He doth himself impart,  
And for his temple and his throne  
Chooseth the pure in heart.

Lord, we thy presence seek,  
May ours this blessing be ;  
Oh, give the pure and lowly heart,  
A temple meet for thee.

John Keble.

201

8 & 5s M.

*Nothing is able to separate us from his love.*

Life nor death shall us dissever  
From his love who reigns forever :  
Will he fail us ? never ! never !  
When to him we cry !

Wily sin may seek to snare us ;  
Fury-passion strive to tear us ;  
Toil and sorrow waste and wear us :—  
Is no helper nigh ?

Yes ! his might shall still defend us :  
And his blessed Son befriend us ;  
And his holy Spirit send us  
Comfort ere we die.

Reginald Heber.

L. M.

*Trust and submission.*

My God, I thank thee ; may no thought  
E'er deem thy chastisement severe ;  
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,  
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom ;  
The sun is bright, and man is gay ;  
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom,  
That darkens o'er his little day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain  
Thy frail and erring child must know ;  
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,  
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ,  
Thy purposes of love fulfil ;  
And 'mid the wreck of human joy,  
Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

Andrews Norton.

L. M.

*Hymn of trust.*

O Love Divine, that stooped to share  
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,  
On thee we cast each earth-born care,  
We smile at pain while thou art near !

Though long the weary way we tread,  
And sorrow crown each lingering year,  
No path we shun, no darkness dread,  
Our hearts still whispering, thou art near !

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,  
And trembling faith is changed to fear,  
The murmuring wind, the quickening leaf,  
Shall softly tell us, thou art near !

On thee we fling our burdening woe,  
O Love Divine, forever dear,  
Content to suffer while we know,  
Living and dying, thou art near !

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

C. M.

*Yet speaketh.*

Immortal by their deed and word,  
Like light around them shed,  
Still speak the prophets of the Lord,  
Still live the sainted dead.

The voice of old by Jordan's flood  
Yet floats upon the air :  
We hear it in beatitude,  
In parable and prayer.

And still the beauty of that life  
Shines star-like on our way,  
And breathes its calm amid the strife  
And burden of to-day.

Earnest of life forevermore,  
That life of duty here,—  
The trust that in the darkest hour  
Looked forth and knew no fear.

Spirit of Jesus, still speed on !  
Speed on thy conquering way,  
Till every heart the Father own,  
And all his will obey.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

7 &amp; 6s M.

*Joy and peace in believing.*

Sometimes a light surprises  
The Christian while he sings ;  
It is the Lord who rises  
With healing in his wings :  
When comforts are declining,  
He grants the soul again  
A season of clear shining,  
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,  
We sweetly then pursue  
The theme of God's salvation,  
And find it ever new ;  
Set free from present sorrow,  
We cheerfully can say,  
E'en let the unknown morrow  
Bring with it what it may.

It can bring with it nothing,  
But he will bear us through ;  
Who gives the lilies clothing,  
Will clothe his people too ;  
Beneath the spreading heavens  
No creature but is fed ;  
And he who feeds the ravens  
Will give his children bread,

William Cowper.

C. M.

*On the deep.*

Thy way is on the deep, O Lord !  
 E'en there we'll go with thee :  
 We'll meet the tempest at thy word,  
 And walk upon the sea.

Poor tremblers at his rougher wind,  
 Why do we doubt him so ?  
 Who gives the storm a path will find  
 The way our feet shall go.

A moment may his hand seem lost,—  
 Dread moment of delay ;  
 We cry, " Lord, help the tempest-tost !"  
 And safe we're borne away.

O happy soul, of faith divine,  
 Thy victory how sure !  
 The love that kindles joy is thine,  
 The patience to endure.

Anonymous.

C. M.

*The peace of God.*

We ask not, Father, the repose  
Which comes from outward rest,  
If we may have through all life's woes  
Thy peace within our breast ;—

That peace which suffers and is strong,  
Trusts where it cannot see,  
Deems not the trial way too long,  
But leaves the end with thee ;—

That peace which through the billows' moan  
And angry tempests' roar  
Sends forth its calm, unfaltering tone  
Of joy forevermore ;

That peace which flows serene and deep,  
A river in the soul,  
Whose banks a living verdure keep ;  
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

Anonymous.

L. M.

*The happiness of the aged Christian.*

How blest is he whose tranquil mind,  
 When life declines, recalls again  
 The years that time has cast behind,  
 And reaps delight from toil and pain !

So when the transient storm is past,  
 The sudden gloom, and driving shower,  
 The sweetest sunshine is the last ;  
 The loveliest is the evening hour.

Old Bristol Coll.

7s M.

*The harmony of love.*

Lord ! subdue our selfish will ;  
 Each to each our tempers suit,  
 By thy modulating skill,  
 Heart to heart. as lute to lute.

Sweetly on our spirits move ;  
 Gently touch the trembling strings :  
 Make the harmony of love,  
 Music for the King of Kings !

Charles Wesley.

L. M.

*Made perfect through suffering.*

I bless thee, Lord, for sorrows sent  
    To break my dream of human power ;  
For now my shallow cistern's spent,  
    I find thy founts, and thirst no more.

I take thy hand, and fears grow still ;  
    Behold thy face, and doubts remove ;  
Who would not yield his wavering will  
    To perfect Truth, and boundless Love ?

That Love this restless soul doth teach  
    The strength of thine eternal calm ;  
And tune its sad and broken speech,  
    To join, on earth, the angels' psalm.

O be it patient in thy hands,  
    And drawn, through each mysterious hour,  
To service of thy pure commands,  
    The narrow way to Love and Power.

Samuel Johnson.

L. M.

*God's paternal care.*

There's not a bird, with lonely nest  
In pathless wood or mountain crest,  
Nor meaner thing, which does not share  
O God, in thy paternal care.

Each barren crag, each desert rude,  
Holds thee within its solitude ;  
And thou dost bless the wanderer there,  
Who makes his solitary prayer.

In busy mart and crowded street,  
No less than in the still retreat,  
Thou, Lord, art near, our souls to bless  
With all a parent's tenderness.

And every moment still doth bring  
Thy blessings on its laden wing ;  
Widely they spread through earth and sky,  
And last to all eternity.

Baptist W. Noel.

C. M.

*Mysteries and mercies of Providence.*

God moves in a mysterious way  
 His wonders to perform ;  
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
 And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
 Of never-failing skill,  
 He treasures up his bright designs,  
 And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;  
 The clouds ye so much dread  
 Are big with mercy, and shall break  
 In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
 But trust him for his grace :  
 Behind a frowning providence  
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
 Unfolding every hour ;  
 The bud may have a bitter taste,  
 But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
 And scan his work in vain ;  
 God is his own interpreter,  
 And he will make it plain.

William Cowper.

8 &amp; 4s M.

*"Thy will be done."*

My God, my Father, while I stray,  
 Far from my home, on life's rough way,  
 O teach me from my heart to say,  
     *"Thy will be done."*

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,  
 Let me be still and murmur not,  
 Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
     *"Thy will be done."*

What though in lonely grief I sigh  
 For friends beloved no longer nigh,  
 Submissive would I still reply,  
     *"Thy will be done."*

If thou shouldst call me to resign,  
 What most I prize, it ne'er was mine ;  
 I only yield thee what was thine ;  
     *"Thy will be done."*

Let but my fainting heart be blest  
 With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
 My God, to thee I leave the rest ;  
     *"Thy will be done."*

Renew my will from day to day,  
 Blend it with thine, and take away  
 All that now makes it hard to say,  
     *"Thy will be done."*

Charlotte Elliott.

11 &amp; 10s M.

*Father, to thee we look.*

Father, to thee we look in all our sorrow :  
Thou art the fountain whence our healing flows.  
Dark is the night, joy cometh with the morrow ;  
Safely they rest who on thy love repose.

When fond hopes fail and skies are dark before us,  
When the vain cares that vex our life increase :  
Comes with its calm the thought that thou art o'er us,  
And we grow quiet, folded in thy peace.

Naught shall affright us, on thy goodness leaning :  
Low in the heart, faith singeth still her song :  
Chastened by pain, we learn life's deeper meaning ;  
And, in our weakness, thou dost make us strong.

Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrows ;  
Be not cast down, disquieted in vain ;  
Yet shalt thou praise him, when these darkened  
furrows,  
Where now he ploweth, wave with golden grain.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

215

11 & 10s M.

*Come, ye disconsolate.*

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish ;  
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel ;  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your  
anguish :  
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,  
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,  
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,  
" Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

Here see the bread of life ; see waters flowing  
Forth from the throne of God, living and pure ;  
Come to the feast of love ; come, ever knowing  
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.

Thomas Moore.

C. M.

*"Blessed are they that mourn."*

O deem not that earth's crowning bliss  
 Is found in joy alone,  
 For sorrow, bitter though it be,  
 Hath blessings all its own :  
 From lips divine, like healing balm,  
 To hearts oppressed and torn,  
 This heavenly consolation fell,—  
 "Blessed are they that mourn !"

Who never mourned, hath never known  
 What treasures grief reveals :  
 The sympathies that humanize,  
 The tenderness that heals,  
 The power to look within the veil  
 And learn the heavenly lore,  
 The keyword to life's mysteries,  
 So dark to us before.

How rich and sweet and full of strength  
 Our human spirits are,  
 Baptized into the sanctities  
 Of suffering and of prayer !  
 Supernal wisdom, love divine,  
 Breathe through the lips which said,  
 "O blessed are the souls that mourn,  
 They shall be comforted."

William H. Burleigh.

## C M

*Memories.*

It singeth low in every heart,  
 We hear it each and all,—  
 A song of those who answer not,  
 However we may call.  
 They throng the silence of the breast ;  
 We see them as of yore,—  
 The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,  
 Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,  
 When these have laid it down :  
 They brightened all the joy of life,  
 They softened every frown.  
 But, oh ! 'tis good to think of them  
 When we are troubled sore ;  
 Thanks be to God that such have been,  
 Although they are no more !

More homelike seems the vast unknown,  
 Since they have entered there ;  
 To follow them were not so hard,  
 Wherever they may fare.  
 They cannot be where God is not,  
 On any sea or shore ;  
 Whate'er betides, thy love abides,  
 Our God, for evermore.

John W. Chadwick.

C. M.

*The Dead.*

The dead are like the stars by day,  
Withdrawn from mortal eye,  
Yet holding unperceived their way  
Through the unclouded sky.

By them, through holy hope and love,  
We feel, in hours serene,  
Connected with a world above,  
Immortal and unseen.

For death his sacred seal hath set  
On bright and bygone hours ;  
And they we mourn are with us yet,  
Are more than ever ours ;—

Ours, by the pledge of love and faith,  
By hopes of heaven on high ;  
By trust, triumphant over death,  
In immortality.

Bernard Barton.

C. M.

*The eternal world.*

There is a state unknown, unseen,  
Where parted souls must be ;  
And but a step doth lie between  
That world of souls and me.

I see no light, I hear no sound,  
When midnight shades are spread ;  
Yet angels pitch their tents around  
And guard my quiet bed.

The things unseen, O God, reveal ;  
My spirit's vision clear,  
Till I shall feel, and see, and know,  
That those I love are near.

Impart the faith that soars on high,  
Beyond this earthly strife ;  
That holds sweet converse with the sky,  
And lives eternal life.

John Taylor.

C. M.

*The Autumn evening.*

Behold the western evening light !  
 It melts in deepening gloom ;  
 So calmly Christians sink away,  
 Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low ; the withering leaf  
 Scarce whispers from the tree :  
 So gently flows the parting breath,  
 When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills  
 The crimson light is shed !  
 'Tis like the peace the Christian gives  
 To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud  
 The sunset beam is cast !  
 'Tis like the memory left behind,  
 When loved ones breathe their last.

And now above the dews of night  
 The yellow star appears !  
 So faith springs in the hearts of those  
 Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light  
 Its glories shall restore ;  
 And eyelids that are sealed in death  
 Shall wake to close no more.

William B. O. Peabody.

S. M.

*View of the home in heaven.*

My Father's house on high !  
 Home of my soul ! how near,  
 At times, to faith's foreseeing eye  
 Thy golden gates appear !

Ah ! then my spirit faints  
 To reach the land I love,  
 The bright inheritance of saints,  
 Jerusalem above.

Yet clouds will intervene,  
 And all my prospect flies :  
 Like Noah's dove, I flit between  
 Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds dispart,  
 The winds and waters cease :  
 While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart  
 Expands the bow of peace.

I hear at morn and even,  
 At noon and midnight hour,  
 The choral harmonies of heaven  
 Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel that he,—  
 Remembered or forgot,—  
 The Lord, is never far from me,  
 Though I perceive him not.

James Montgomery.

C. M.

*The spiritual world.*

There is a world eye hath not seen,  
That time can ne'er destroy,  
Where mortal footstep hath not been,  
Nor ear hath heard its joy.

There is a world,—and O how blest !  
Fairer than prophets told ;  
And never did an angel-guest  
One half its peace unfold.

And this pure world is ever bright  
With radiance all its own ;  
The streams of uncreated light  
Flow round it from the throne.

Look not abroad with roving minds  
To seek that fair abode ;  
Within, within, the spirit finds  
Its heaven and its God.

Anonymous.

C. M.

*The Light within.*

I saw on earth another light  
Than that which lit mine eye  
Come forth, as from the soul within,  
And from a higher sky.

Its beams still shone unclouded on,  
When in the distant west,  
The sun I once had known had sunk  
Forever to his rest.

And on I walked, though dark the night,  
Nor rose his orb by day ;  
As one to whom a surer guide  
Was pointing out the way.

'Twas brighter far than noonday's beam,  
It shone from God within,  
And lit, as by a lamp from heaven,  
The world's dark track of sin.

Jones Very.

C. M.

*For the Lord's supper.*

O here, if ever, God of love,  
Let strife and hatred cease !  
And every heart harmonious move,  
And every thought be peace.

Not here, where met to think on him,  
Whose latest thoughts were ours,  
Shall mortal passions come to dim  
The prayer devotion pours.

No, gracious Master, not in vain  
Thy life of love hath been ;  
The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,  
Though thou no more art seen.

" Thy Kingdom come : " we watch, we wait,  
To hear thy cheering call ;  
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,  
And God be all in all.

Emily Taylor.

C. M.

*Communion hymn.*

"Remember me," the Saviour said,  
On that forsaken night,  
When from his side the nearest fled,  
And death was close in sight.

Through all the following ages' track,  
The world remembers yet ;  
With love and worship gazes back,  
And never can forget.

Oh, blest are they who have not seen,  
And yet believe him still !  
They know him, when his praise they mean,  
And when they do his will.

We hear his word along our way ;  
We see his light above ;  
Remember when we strive and pray,  
Remember when we love.

Nathanael L. Frothingham.

8 &amp; 7s M.

*God is Love.*

God is love ! his mercy brightens  
 All the path in which we rove ;  
 Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens :  
 God is wisdom ! God is love !

Chance and change are busy ever ;  
 Man decays, and ages move ;  
 But his mercy waneth never :  
 God is wisdom ! God is love !

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,  
 Will his changeless goodness prove ;  
 From the mist his brightness streameth :  
 God is wisdom ! God is love !

He with earthly cares entwined  
 Hope and comfort from above ;  
 Everywhere his glory shineth :  
 God is wisdom ! God is love !

Sir John Bowring.

S. M.

*The Communion of Saints.*

For all thy saints, O Lord,  
Who strove in thee to live,  
Who followed thee, obeyed, adored,  
Our grateful hymn receive.

For all thy saints, O Lord,  
Accept our thankful cry,  
Who counted thee their great reward,  
And strove in thee to die.

They all in life and death,  
With thee, their Lord, in view,  
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath  
To suffer and to do.

For this thy name we bless,  
And humbly pray that we  
May follow them in holiness,  
And live and die in thee.

Richard Mant.

C. M.

*Close of Communion.*

O God ! accept the sacred hour  
Which we to thee have given ;  
And let this hallowed scene have power  
To raise our souls to heaven.

Still let us hold, till life departs,  
The precepts of thy Son,  
Nor let our thoughtless, thankless hearts  
Forget what he has done.

His true disciples may we live,  
From all corruption free,  
And humbly learn like him to give  
Our powers, our wills, to thee.

Samuel Gilman.

10s M. 6 lines.

*Unity.*

Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round  
Of circling planets singing on their way,  
Guide of the nations from the night profound  
Into the glory of the perfect day!  
Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be  
Guided and strengthened and upheld by thee.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,  
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,  
One with the joy that breaketh into song,  
One with the grief that trembles into prayer;  
One in the power that makes thy children free  
To follow Truth, and so be one with thee!

John W. Chadwick.

8 &amp; 7s M.

*Universal praise to God.*

Praise to thee, thou great Creator !  
Praise be thine from every tongue !  
Join, my soul, with every creature,  
Join the universal song.  
Father, Source of all compassion !  
Free unbounded grace is thine :  
Hail the God of our salvation !  
Praise him for his love divine.

For ten thousand blessings given,  
For the hope of future joy,  
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,  
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.  
Joyfully on earth adore him,  
Till in heaven our song we raise ;  
There enraptured fall before him,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

John Fawcett.

## 231

8 & 7s M.

*Praise to God from his works.*

Praise the Lord ! ye heavens adore him,  
Praise him, angels in the height ;  
Sun and moon, rejoice before him,  
Praise him, all ye stars of light !  
Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken ;  
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed ;  
Laws which never can be broken,  
For their guidance he hath made.

Praise the Lord ! for he is glorious,  
Never shall his promise fail ;  
God hath made his saints victorious,  
Sin and death shall not prevail.  
Praise the God of our salvation ;  
Hosts on high ! his power proclaim ;  
Heaven and earth, and all creation !  
Praise and magnify his name.

John Kempthorne.

L. M.

*The mercies of God.*

O God! thy tender love and care  
In countless ways I daily share ;  
Yet, of thy gifts, so full and free,  
The rich profusion hideth thee.

Give me the quickened eye that sees  
Thy hand in daily ministries ;  
Through clouds of doubt, thy cheering ray ;  
In scrow's night, thy dawning day.

Give me to hear thee gently plead  
In every suffering brother's need ;  
Give me a heart that throbs with love  
To man below, to God above.

In all my trials may I lean  
Upon thine arm, in faith serene ;  
Live but for thee, thy truth, thy right,  
And die into thy nearer light.

Walter N. Evans.

L. M.

*O God, I thank thee.*

O God ! I thank thee for each sight  
Of beauty that thy hand doth give,  
For sunny skies and air and light ;  
O God ! I thank thee that I live.

That life I consecrate to thee ;  
And ever as the day is born,  
On wings of joy my soul would flee,  
To thank thee for another morn ;

Another day in which to cast  
Some silent deed of love abroad,  
That, greatening as it journeys past,  
May do some earnest work for God ;

Another day to do, to dare,  
To tax anew my growing strength,  
To arm my soul with faith and prayer,  
And so reach heaven and thee at length.

Caroline A. Mason.

C. M.

*Grateful review of life.*

When all thy mercies, O my God,  
 My rising soul surveys,  
 Transported with the view, I'm lost  
 In wonder, love, and praise.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul  
 Thy tender care bestowed,  
 Before my infant heart conceived  
 From whom those comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth  
 With heedless steps I ran,  
 Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,  
 And led me up to man.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou  
 With health renewed my face ;  
 And, when in sin and sorrow sunk,  
 Revived my soul with grace.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
 My daily thanks employ ;  
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart  
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life,  
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
 And after death, in distant worlds,  
 The glorious theme renew.

Joseph Addison.

C. M.

*The Lord of All.*

Sing forth his high, eternal name  
Who holds all powers in thrall,  
Through endless ages still the same,—  
The mighty Lord of all!

His goodness, strong and measureless,  
Upholds us lest we fall;  
His hand is still outstretched to bless,—  
The loving Lord of all!

His perfect law sets metes and bounds,  
Our strong defense and wall;  
His providence our lives surrounds,—  
The saving Lord of all!

He every thought and every deed  
Doth to his judgment call.  
Oh, may our hearts obedient heed  
The righteous Lord of all!

When, turning from forbidden ways,  
Low at his feet we fall,  
His strong and tender arms upraise,—  
The pardoning Lord of all!

Unwearied, he is working still;  
Unspent, his blessings fall;  
Almighty, Loving, Righteous One,—  
The only Lord of all!

Samuel Longfellow.

C. M.

*Te Deum.*

O God ! we praise thee, and confess  
That thou the only Lord  
And everlasting Father art,  
By all the earth adored.

To thee all angels cry aloud ;  
To thee the powers on high,  
Both cherubim and seraphim,  
Continually do cry ;

O holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Whom heavenly hosts obey,  
The world is with the glory filled  
Of thy majestic sway.

The apostles' glorious company,  
And prophets crowned with light,  
With all the martyrs' noble host,  
Thy constant praise recite.

The holy church throughout the world,  
O Lord, confesses thee,  
That thou the eternal Father art  
Of boundless majesty.

St. Ambrose : Tate and Brady.

L. M.

*Thanksgiving.*

O Thou whose perfect goodness crowns  
With peace and joy this sacred day,  
Our hearts are glad for all the years  
Thy love has kept us in thy way.

Thy glorious truth has made us free  
From bounds of sect and bonds of creed;  
Thy light has shone that we might see  
Our own in every brother's need.

For common tasks of help and cheer,  
For quiet hours of thought and prayer,  
For moments when we seemed to feel  
The breath of a diviner air;

For mutual love and trust that keep  
Unchanged through all the changing time;  
For friends within the veil who thrill  
Our spirits with a hope sublime :—

For this and more than words can say,  
We praise and bless thy holy name,  
Come life or death : enough to know  
That thou art evermore the same !

John. W. Chadwick.

L. M.

*"Sing unto the Lord a new song."*

Sing to the Lord a new, glad song !  
He comes to overthrow all wrong ;  
Ye weary, lift your heads, and sing !  
Justice on earth he comes to bring.

Deep are his counsels and unknown,  
But Love and Truth support his throne ;  
Though darkest clouds his ways surround,  
Justice is their eternal ground.

In awful beauty he appears ;  
The evil-doer shrinks and fears ;  
The righteous lifts his joyful song,—  
"He comes, he comes, to right all wrong."

Anonymous.

C. M.

*He is not far from any one of us.*

The heaven of heavens cannot contain  
The universal Lord ;  
Yet he in humble hearts will deign  
To dwell and be adored.

Where'er ascends the sacrifice  
Of fervent praise and prayer,  
Or on the earth, or in the skies,  
The heaven of God is there.

His presence there is spread abroad  
Through realms, through worlds unknown ;  
Who seeks the mercies of his God  
Is ever near his throne.

William Drennan.

7s M.

*Lowly praise.*

Lord, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,  
 Hear the praises of our race,  
 And, while hearing, let thy grace  
     Dews of sweet forgiveness pour ;  
 While we know, benignant King,  
 That the praises which we bring  
 Are a worthless offering,  
     Till thy blessing makes it more.

More of truth and more of might,  
 More of love and more of light,  
 More of reason and of right,  
     From thy pardoning grace be given ;  
 It can make the humblest song  
 Sweet, acceptable, and strong  
 As the strains the angels' throng  
     Pour around the throne of heaven.

Sir John Bowring.

P. M.

*"Thou wilt ordain peace for us."*

God, the omnipotent ! mighty avenger !  
Watching invisible, judging unheard !  
Save thou our land in the hour of her danger,  
Give to us peace in thy time, O Lord !

Thunders and lightnings thy judgment have sounded ;  
Letters of flame have recorded thy word,  
"Only in Righteousness true peace is founded :"  
Give us that peace in thy time, O Lord !

So shall the people, with thankful devotion,  
Praise him who saved them from peril and sword :  
Shouting in chorus, from ocean to ocean,—  
"Peace to the nation, and praise to the Lord !"

Anonymous.

8 &amp; 7s M.

*"The word of the Lord abideth forever."*

God of ages and of nations !  
 Every race and every time,  
 Hath received thine inspirations,  
 Glimpses of thy truth sublime.  
 Ever spirits in rapt visions  
 Passed the heavenly veil within,  
 Ever hearts bowed in contrition  
 Found salvation from their sin.

Reason's noblest aspiration  
 Truth in growing clearness saw ;  
 Conscience spoke its condemnation,  
 Or proclaimed the eternal law.  
 While thine inward revelations  
 Told thy saints their prayers were heard,  
 Prophets to the guilty nations  
 Spoke thine everlasting word.

Lord, that word abideth ever ;  
 Revelation is not sealed ;  
 Answering unto man's endeavor,  
 Truth and Right are still revealed.  
 That which came to ancient sages,  
 Greek, Barbarian, Roman, Jew  
 Written in the heart's deep pag  
 Shines to-day, forever new !

Samuel Longfellow.

6 &amp; 4s M.

*Our Country.*

God bless our native land !  
Firm may she ever stand  
Through storm and night !  
When the wild tempests rave,  
Ruler of wind and wave,  
Do thou our country save,  
By thy great might !

For her our prayers shall be,  
Our fathers' God, to thee,  
On thee we wait !  
Be her walls Holiness ;  
Her rulers, Righteousness ;  
Her officers be Peace ;  
God save the State.

Lord of all truth and right,  
In whom alone is might,  
On thee we call !  
Give us prosperity ;  
Give us true liberty ;  
May all the oppressed go free ;  
God save us all !

J. S. Dwight.

L. M.

*For the bread and water of Life.*

Thy name be hallowed evermore ;  
O God ! thy kingdom come with power !  
Thy will be done, and day by day  
Give us our daily bread, we pray.

Lord ! evermore to us be given  
The living bread that came from heaven ;  
Water of life on us bestow ;  
Thou art the Source,—the Fountain thou !

Louis R. West.

245

L. M.

*God's peace.*

Lord of eternal truth and might !  
Ruler of Nature's changing scheme !  
Who dost bring forth the morning light,  
And temper noon's effulgent beam :

Quench thou the fires of hate and strife,  
The wasting fever of the heart,  
From perils guard our feeble life,  
And to our souls thy peace impart

Breviary.

8 & 7s M.

*The benediction of peace.*

Father, give thy benediction ;  
 Give thy peace, before we part ;  
 Still our minds with truth's conviction,  
 Calm with trust each anxious heart.

Let thy voice, with sweet commanding,  
 Bid our griefs and struggles end ;  
 Peace which passeth understanding  
 On our waiting spirits send.

Anonymous.

S. M.

*Praise from all mankind.*

Thy name, almighty Lord,  
Shall sound through distant lands ;  
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word ;  
Thy truth forever stands.

Far be thy honor spread,  
And long thy praise endure,  
Till morning light and evening shade  
Shall be exchanged no more.

Isaac Watts.

8 &amp; 7s M.

*The Salvation of peace.*

Peace be to this congregation !  
Peace to every heart therein !  
Peace, the earnest of salvation ;  
Peace, the fruit of conquered sin ;  
Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver ;  
Peace, to worldly minds unknown ;  
Peace, that floweth, as a river,  
From the eternal Source alone.

O thou God of peace, be near us,  
Fix within our hearts thy home ;  
With thy bright appearing cheer us,  
In thy blessed freedom come ;  
Come, with all thy revelations,  
Truth which we so long have sought !  
Come with thy deep consolations,  
Peace of God which passeth thought !

Charles Wesley.

8 & 7s M.

*Part in peace.*

Part in peace ! is day before us ?  
 Praise his name for life and light ;  
 Are the shadows lengthening o'er us ?  
 Bless his care who guards the night.

Part in peace ! with deep thanksgiving,  
 Rendering, as we homeward tread,  
 Gracious service to the living,  
 Tranquil memory to the dead.

Part in peace ! such are the praises  
 God our maker loveth best ;  
 Such the worship that upraises  
 Human hearts to heavenly rest.

Sarah Flower Adams.

L. M.

*Praise from all mankind.*

From all that dwell below the skies  
 Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
 Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord !  
 Eternal truth attends thy word ;  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Isaac Watts.

O Lord, open thou our lips.  
And our mouth shall show forth  
thy praise.

## INDEX OF AUTHORS.

—:—

- Adams, Sarah Flower, 44, 113, 199, 249.  
Addison, Joseph, 234.  
Allingham, William, 125.  
Anonymous, 8, 14, 22, 24, 37, 60, 62, 69, 72, 83, 106, 117, 119, 139,  
143, 154, 156, 158, 174, 192, 194, 206, 207, 222, 238, 241, 246.  
Appleton, Frank P., 75.  
Austin, John, 183.
- Barbault, Anna L., 149, 180.  
Barton, Bernard, 157, 218.  
Bonar, Horatius, 85, 197, 198.  
Bowring, Sir John, 102, 109, 181, 226, 240.  
Breviary, 32, 111, 167, 245.  
Browne, Simon, 79.  
Bulfinch, Stephen G., 108.  
Burleigh, William H., 42, 185, 216.  
Burns, James D., 196.
- Chadwick, John W., 21, 25, 29, 128, 217, 229, 237.  
Clarke, James Freeman, 131, 137.  
Collett, Samuel, 186.  
Collyer, William B., 112.  
Conder, Josiah, 50, 178.  
Cowper, William, 10, 205, 212.
- Doddridge, Philip, 15, 27, 52, 94, 121, 124, 130, 182.  
Drennan, William, 239.  
Dryden, John, 90.  
Dwight, J. S., 243.
- Elliott, Charlotte, 213.  
Evans, Walter N., 28, 232.
- Fawcett, John, 230.  
Frothingham, Nathanael L., 13, 135 (?), 225  
Furness, William H., 40, 63.
- Gannett, William C., 116, 123, 173.  
Gaskell, William, 129, 141.  
Gerhardt, Paul, 55.

Gill, Thomas H., 64, 67, 87, 122, 155, 160.  
Gilman, Caroline, 30.  
Gilman, Samuel, 228.  
Gray, Thomas, Jr., 132.  
Guion, Madame, 10.

Hale, N., 66.  
Hatch, Edwin, 82.  
Heber, Reginald, 134, 201.  
Hemans, Felicia, 93.  
Herbert, George, 153.  
Higginson, Thomas W., 140, 159.  
Hill, Thomas, 144.  
Hogg, James, 45.  
Holden, Oliver, 12.  
Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 1, 203.  
Hosmer, Frederick L., 19, 49, 65, 151, 179, 204, 214.  
Hymns for Public Worship (1845), 56.

Jervis, Thomas, 9.  
Johns, John, 170.  
Johnson, Samuel, 147, 161, 166, 169, 210.

Keble, John, 46, 115, 200.  
Kempthorne, John, 231.

Larned, Augusta, 184.  
Leeds Collection (Independent), 145.  
Longfellow, Samuel, 6, 38, 39, 43, 92, 97, 101, 120, 133, 168, 175,  
190, 235, 242.  
Lunt, William P., 110.  
Lyte, Henry F., 48.

Mant, Richard, 227.  
Marriott, John, 2.  
Martin, Martha, 187.  
Martineau, Harriett, 164.  
Mason, Caroline A., 233.  
Merrick, James, 150.  
Montgomery, James, 58, 59, 171, 177, 221.  
Moore, Thomas, 7, 215.  
Morgan, James, 136.

Newman, John Henry, 51.  
Noel, Baptist W., 211.  
Norton, Andrews, 126, 202.

Old Bristol Collection, 208.

Packard, Caroline M., 47.  
Parker, Theodore, 99.  
Peabody, William B. O., 220.  
Pierpont, John, 5.  
Putnam, Alfred P., 176.

Reed, Andrew, 81.  
Richardson, James, Jr., 118.  
Richter, tr. by John Wesley, 77.  
Robbins, Samuel D., 33.  
Russell, William, 107.

Savage, Minot, J., 74, 86, 88, 142, 165, 172.  
Scott, Sir Walter, 61.  
Scudder, Eliza, 34, 70, 80, 138, 152, 193.  
Sears, Edmund H., 95.  
Sill, Edward R., 162.  
St. Ambrose; Tate and Brady, 236.  
Steele, Anne, 188, 189.  
Stennett, Samuel, 18.  
Sterling, John, 16.

Tate and Brady, 41, 236.  
Taylor, Emily, 73, 224.  
Taylor, John, 23, 148, 219.  
Tersteegen, tr. by John Wesley, 54, 78.  
Thompson, John, 17.  
Tuttielt, Lawrence, 71.

Very, Jones, 76, 223.

Waring, Anna L., 191.  
Waterston, Robert C., 114.  
Watts, Isaac, 35, 103, 127, 247, 250.  
Weiss, John, 100.  
Wesley, Charles, 3, 57, 68, 89, 91, 96, 209, 248.  
Wesley, John, 54, 78, 84.  
West, Louis R., 244.  
Whittier, John G., 11, 20, 26, 31, 36, 98, 104, 105, 146, 163, 195.  
Williams, Benjamin, 4.  
Williams, Helen M., 53.

